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SELECTED POETRY.

EXCUSE FOR SADNESS.

BY BULWER.

Chide not, beloved, if oft with thee
I feel not rapture wholly;
For aye, the heart that's filled with love,
Runs o'er in melancholy.

To streams that glide in noon, the shade
From summer skies is given;
So, if my breast reflects the cloud,
'Tis but the cloud of Heaven!

Thine image glass'd within my soul
So well the mirror keepeth,
That, chide me not, if with the light
The shadow also sleepeth.

MUSIC.

Music! Oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breath her soul so well?

Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they;
Oh, 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly sooth and not betray!

SELECTED ESSAYS.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

HINTS TO AUTHORS.

ON THE NATURAL.

This is so easy a style of composition that we need not take up much time in analyzing its principles. Every body knows that thoughts are more active than words, and that as it is impossible for a character in a novel to be always speaking, the natural way is, therefore, to make them always be thinking. On this ground there must be in every work, composed on natural principles, a profuse introduction of soliloquy. In this all their plans must be considered, all their recollections brought forward, and, in short, their whole soul laid open to the eye of the most inattentive observer. But an indispensable preliminary to the proper introduction of a soliloquy is a complete description of the character of the person indulging in it. This character gives admirable scope for the inventive faculty of the author, for it is to be observed, that the Nature represented in works of fiction is by no means the nature one meets with in actual life. All that is required in a novel, in order to be in exact accordance with our rules, is that a character shall be natural in itself—that having assumed a certain mode of thought, every thing shall follow in consonance with it. Thus, if you invent a very humane man with a preternatural craving for blood—or a tyrant with the softest and most sentimental turn of mind,—these may appear very extraordinary, and indeed unnatural, combinations to the general reader; but with that you, as an author, having nothing whatever to do, it is sufficient, so far as you are concerned, that this individual thus imagined, shall act in agreement with the qualities you have assigned him. With regard to the carrying on of the plot—this is so universally managed by the subordinate characters in a book, and even on the stage which 'holds the 'mirror up to nature,' that it would appear perfectly out of place to make your hero, warrior, philosopher, or even your villain, who is generally cleverer and more fascinating than all the other people put together, moved by any other agency than the will of some barber, who shall be described as slightly crazy—some smuggler—or even some chattering lacquey, who shall hold in his hands the strings that give all the other puppets their several movements. This in the theatrical world is so firmly recognised as nature, that any one would be laughed at as an innovator who should introduce any heroine who was not entirely the plaything of her waiting maid. From her all the clever contrivances must proceed. To her in all her distresses the heroine must apply—and, in short, the whole action of the drama must depend on the whims and caprices of the *femme de chambre*.

The *style* of composition also, is to be strictly attended to. In the natural, there are to be no flights of fancy; no metaphorical claptraps; all must be simple and subdued; words of two syllables must be chosen in preference to more heroic polysyllables, unless in the soliloquies. There you are expected to show your abundance both of thought and eloquence. As similies are used in loftier kinds of composition to render one's meaning clearer to others, so, in soliloquy, it is surely natural that a person should indulge in similies, in order to make his own sentiments more intelligible to himself. And here we have a prodigious advantage over poets and other authors who use similies for the benefit of others; because in their case it is indispensable that there should be some perceptible resemblance in the simile they use, to the thing of which they advance it as an illustration—but with the soliloquizer, there is no necessity of this sort. If he sees the resemblance, that is all that the most captious critic can require. What the deuce is it to other people if they are stupid enough not to trace the connection? Let them be satisfied that the gentleman understands his own meaning, and let them confess that he is not only a devilish clever fellow to invent the metaphor, but a still clearer headed fellow to perceive its aptness to the business in hand. These few remarks will come out more fully in the course of the following example:—

A TRUE SCENE.

There was no one in the room but himself. It was the blue parlor. In it were six chairs, two tables, a footstool, and a fire-screen. Sir Hildebrend Horrible sat in the arm-chair. His feet were on the fender; his hands in his breeches pockets; his spectacles had slipped from the upper part of his nose to the slightly protruding point of it. His eyes were closed. Sir Hildebrand Horrible, Vice-admiral of the blue, and Justice of Peace for the county of Southampton, was asleep. He snored. Apparently he was disturbed by the noise. He started;—rubbed his eyes—replaced his spectacles and gave a loud yawn. Sir Hildebrand Horrible was awake. Sir Hildebrand was a common place sort of man. Go into a society of a hundred men, you would meet ninety-eight Sir Hildebrands. He was now sixty four years of age. In his youth he had fought well and nobly. On the restoration of peace he had settled himself on shore. With an education slender at first, and manners not highly cultivated by an intimacy of forty years with rude Boreas and the sea, the sea, the open sea, he had not many internal resources to atone for the want of active employment. His mind was not idle. He had a passion for books;—books of a peculiar kind—children's story books. On this subject he had very remarkable notions. He believed as devoutly in the feats of Jack the Giant Killer as in the battle of the Nile.—His allusions were all drawn from the literature of the nursury. To him, Cinderella was an entity as distinct as his housekeeper, Mrs Griggs—Little Red Riding Hood, a corporeal existence as defined as Sally, Mrs Griggs' niece. He had one other peculiarity—so intimately blended in his mind was every substantive beginning with the letter P. and pease-porridge, that he never could communicate the one without mentioning the other. His sentences, therefore, often concluded with these two mystic words—'Pease-porridge'—and it required a minute intimacy with his habits of thought to account for their introduction. Let philosophers account for the combination of these two things;—we but describe an actual and every-day character—low things suit the lowly. Sir Hildebrand put his feet upon the footstool, placed the fire screen between him and the fire, so as to screen his countenance from the heat.

'Oh,' he mentally exclaimed, 'my fine dreams have turned out very different from what they appeared, like the horses of Cinderella's carriage. I have always been disappointed in this way, by forming too exalted expectations, like the Babes in the Wood. I must give up these flights, and henceforward forswear all the enchantments of poetry—and pease-porridge.'

His soliloquy was at this moment interrupted by the entrance of his housekeeper, Mrs Griggs, and her niece Sally. Mrs Griggs was a matron considerably advanced in years. She was greatly older than her niece, who was very much younger. The prevailing quality of her mind was curiosity—a desire to know the minutest as well as the greatest actions of her neighbors. Sally was a compound of a great number of different qualities, good-natured, when nothing occurred to disturb her temper—but by no means placid when stirred into rage. Mrs Griggs remained silent—'What would I give' she exclaimed to herself, 'to know whether the Admiral wishes to question Sally about his ward Miss Arabella. I wonder if he knows how active Sally has been in the business; but stay, I have no time to make these inquiries now. I must retire.' She therefore mechanically, as it were, put her hand on the handle of the door, and turning dexterously round, walked out of the apartment.

Sally, however, was more bold.

'Good evening, Admiral,' she said; 'have you heard any news of Miss Arabel?'

'Eh! what d'ye say, my pretty dear?'

'Only about your ward, sir. What do you think of an elopement? that's all.'

'That's all? is it. And here have I been sitting like Little Jack Horner up in a corner, eating a Christmas pie—and pease-porridge, while that swindling fellow, O'Rafferty, has carried off my ward and twenty thousand pounds—of pease-porridge.'

'Sir, you don't mean to throw such an imputation on my dear, good, charming, sensitive, lovely, amiable, accomplished—Oh deary, deary me!' And here Sally put her silk apron before her face, and pretended to weep.

'Come, come,' said the Admiral, 'what was it you said—something, I am quite sure, about my ward, and in the next breath, an elopement; come, tell me all you know, my little charmer, about the plot—and pease-porridge.'

'I know nothing of ther about pease-porridge or plots' said Sally, petishly, shaking the Admiral's hand from her shoulder; 'there has been a run-away match in our village, that's all; but not of my young missus; mind, sir, I tell you 'tisn't my yonng missus.'

'Well, I hear you say that. Who was it then?—what dish is it now that has run off with the spoon?'

'The spoon? indeed, I don't know, sir;—but this I'll tell you. You know old Snudge, the old sailor!'

'Ay, ay, a soldier and a sailor, a tinker and a tailor. Well?'

'Well, old Snudge's distant relation, Moll Higgs, was courted by young Sam O'Donaghue—the son of——'

'Poo—never mind your pedigree—and pease-porridge—proceed.'

'Well, old Hunks objected to the match because the wooer was an Irishman—'

'Why—was that his reason? Now for my own share, I see no objection to Paddy—and pease-porridge—poor fellow.'

'Now, don't you think it shameful?'

'Shameful!—to be sure I do. Worse than the d—d unnatural fellow of an uncle, that left the children to die.'

'Will you write that down?'

'Write down what?'

'Why, your opinion—the opinion you have now stated——'

'Ay, to be sure I will. One two, come buckle my shoe, draw in the writing table and give me a pen—and pease-porridge—What shall I say?'

'Write this—'An old sailor has no right to refuse his consent to the young woman's marriage to her Irish sweet heart. If he does he is a cursed old rogue, and worse than a murderer. He ought to consent to the match, and give the girl her fortune.' '

'I hereby declare on the honor of an Admiral, I would do so if I were in his place—and pease-porridge'—

'No, no,' said Sally, 'leave out the pease-porridge.—Sign your name—there. There's a dear, good-natured, sweet-tempered, charming, old—curmudgeon.'

The last word Sally, of course, did not pronounce so as to be heard by the Admiral.

'Now, then,' thought Sally, as she folded up the document, and deposited it carefully in her bosom, 'it will surely not need much ability to construe this into a legitimate consent to the union of my missus and the gallant Captain O'Rafferty. As gold, they say, is tried by the fire, I am sure the Captain is a very handsome man his valet is such an interesting person.' With these words she skipt lightly out of the room, and left the Admiral to his meditations.

'I can't imagine,' he inwardly remarked, 'why Jack Sprat should have made such an infernal fool of himself as to have eaten no fat—I don't like fellows, to be sure, that put tons of smoking tallow on their plates—and pease-porridge—but a moderate mixture is what a sensible man would feed on. As to his wife, she must have been a still more confounded fool than he was, for the history says she could eat no lean. What a d—d oily mouthed, greasy-faced old catamaran she must have been—and as to her platter—and pease-porridge——'

But here his cogitations were broken in upon by the entrance of an old woman, plainly dressed, with a huge patch over her eye, a wooden leg thumping violently on the floor, and a nose of preternatural size, shading fully one half of her face. The Admiral looked up at her in amazement.

'You don't know me!' exclaimed the stranger.

'Know you! how the devil should I? unless you be Old Mother Hubbard on your way to the cubboard to get your dog some prog—and pease-porridge.'

'No! you false, dear, delightful, cruel, ungrateful deceiver, I am your wife!'

'My wife?' screamed the Admiral, 'riddle-me-riddle-me-ree.'

'Yes, your true and lawful wife. I have witnesses to prove it; I'll have a suit against you for the restitution of conjugal rights.'

'Old woman, old woman, what are you doing so high, brushing the cobwebs off the sky—you are mad as a March hare,' said Sir Hildebrand.

'No, no, dearest Hildebrand; do you forget all the vows you made me? your promises? and all the fond endearments of our softer hours?'

'Hey, diddle diddle, a cat and a fiddle; I made you no vows, old woman; never saw you in my life; never gave you a morsel of promise—or pease-porridge.—What the devil do you mean?'

'Mean? to take possession of my own house, to be sure. I'll call in the family, and make you own me before them all.'

'The deuce you will? Don't think of it. My ward is in the next room, Mrs Grigga, Sally' the whole party—and pease-porridge. What am I to do? I wish to God I were as strong as Valentine and Orson. How I would fling you out of the window!'

'No, no, you false, delightful, dear, abominable old man. Here, housekeeper! Sally! Miss Arabel! Captain O'Rafferty! come all of you here, I say. I'll make you repent your shameful conduct to me, you old Sir Hildebrand Horrible, Justice of Peace for the county of Southampton, and Vice-admiral of the blue!

'What the deuce will all this end in,' thought the Admiral. 'I'm in a more ticklish situation than little Bo Peep—and pease-porridge.' But here his quandary was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs Griggs, our friend Sally, and the gallant Captain O'Rafferty.

'Come all of you! come all of you, I say!' screamed the intruder, stamping violently on the floor with her wooden leg; 'hear what this hard-hearted old vagabond says. He denies that I am his wife! his lawful, legal, married wife—Oh dear, dear.'

'Wife? confound me if I ever saw your infernal face before. I declare to you Mrs Griggs'—and here he turned to his house keeper.

'Sir!' said Mrs Griggs, 'it does not become me to pry into family secrets; but I has always had my suspicions as all was not right with you in the matrimonial line.'

'What do you mean, you abominable old wretch?—Will you believe this horrible old woman rather than your master? Is it for this you have lived in my house and pocketed my pay—and pease-porridge—and now to think I am actually married to Mother Bunch with a stick leg? Now, Sally'—and here he turned explainingly to where the mischievous little girl was standing with her hands in the pockets of her apron.

'Don't speak to me, sir; don't come near me, sir; naughty man. It isn't safe to be in the same house with you when even a wooden leg can't keep you at a distance. Shame on ye!'

'By Jupiter,' cried the Admiral, 'you are all in the same plot—and pease-porridge. Captain O'Rafferty, I'm sure you'll believe me when I declare, on the honor of a gentleman, that——'

'Och—don't take the trouble of swearing any thing; I never believe what any one says, when he wants to gain over a pretty young girl, or get quit of a pretty ould one. But I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll take her off yer hands.'

'Will you?

'They d——e, Jack's alive, and likely to live;

'If he dies in your hands a forfeit you give.'

'But do you surrender all right and title to her yerself, Admiral?'—continued O'Rafferty.

'Every atom of her—nose, shoulder, wooden-peg, pease-porridge, and all.'

'Then, ladies, I call you both to witness the Admiral's free consent. Come, my dear ould woman, put your best leg foremost, and let us leave this ungrateful ould man.'

'Oh, you shocking old sinner,' exclaimed the stranger, 'do you really bestow me on this young gentleman?'

'Ay, to be sure I do, and heartily wish him joy of his prize—and pease-porridge,' cried the Admiral, snapping his fingers.

'Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!' shouted Sally, when the lame old lady and the gallant captain had left the room, 'do you know what you have done, Admiral?'

'What I have done! to be sure I do—got quit of an infamous imposter—coming here under false colors, like the wolf who pretended to speak in the old grandmother's voice, and claiming me for her husband.'

'Ha! ha! ha!—and don't you really know who she is?'

'No! How should I, when I tell you I never saw her before.'

'Why, my good sir, you don't seriously pretend to deny that you know it was your ward, Miss Arabel?'

'How?—what?—my ward?—you don't mean that?'

'But I do, though; and more than that, we are witnesses you have given her to Captain O'Rafferty.'

'Oh Lord!—I'm worse than the man in Thessaly that jumped into a quick-set hedge. Call them back, I say; I withdraw my consent, I never will let her marry an Irishman.'

'How, sir?' said Sally, taking a paper from her bosom, 'do you remember nothing of this document, with your signature to it at full length?—An old sailor,' (*she reads*) 'has no right to refuse his consent to the young woman's marriage to her Irish sweetheart. If he does he is a cursed old rogue, and worse than a murderer. He ought to consent to the match, and give the girl her fortune. I hereby declare, on the honor of an' '——

Stop, stop, you little hussey,' cried the Admiral, laying his hand on her mouth. 'Call them back, call them back. I see how it is. 'Tis now too late to oppose them. When three women and an Irishman are united against one man, the best thing he can do is to yield at discretion.'

Captain O'Rafferty and Miss Arabel here made their appearance.

'So—come along,' said the Admiral. 'I might have it in my power to condemn you to poverty and pease-porridge; but here, there's my hand; take her, Captain O'Rafferty, with all her fortune, and I'll tell you what I'll give you into the bargain—I'll make you a present of this little vixen. Go along, Sally, and don't play tricks to your mistress as you've done to me; and now since we have got over all our troubles and difficulties, let us devote all the rest of our lives, like the Seven Champions of Christendom, to love, to happiness, to pleasure—and pease porridge.'

HISTORICAL SELECTED TALES.

[From the Baltimore Athæneum.]

GLYCON—THE GRECIAN.

A TALE OF ROME'S EVIL DAY.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

Chapter I.—The Compact.

The Senators of Rome issued from the Senate House. There was the gloom of indignation on their faces, for Domitian, the Emperor, had that day dared to offer to their sacred body assembled in solemn meeting, a degrading and unpardonable insult. They retired in knots, discoursing in low whispers—and there was that in the countenances of many which betrayed the deeply wounded spirit, and the bitter thirst for revenge.—There was somewhat of virtue yet remaining amidst the degradation of Romans.

The venerable Marcellus was one of these. He was a true lover of his falling country—he wept for the days that were gone.

'Lentulus,' said he to his companion, 'come thou with me.'

The two hastened to the palace of the Senator—and in his private apartment they conversed long and earnestly. When Lentulus rose to depart, Marcellus grasped his hand and said in fervent tones:—

'Ever,' was the ready answer; 'this hour will I seek our friends.'

'Wilt thou so? Then let the Emperor beware!'

CHAPTER II.—THE HERO.

The lady Livia, she daughter of the proud Senator Marcus Livius Marcellus, of whom I have already spoken, a descendant of one of the noblest families of Rome, sat in the garden of her father's palace, upon the steps leading to the statue of Hebe. She had stolen unobserved from her apartment, and now, with her arm upon the step above her, and her cheek resting upon her hand, she watched the closed entrance—her eye glistening with joyous expectation. She was beautiful—softly beautiful. She was not robed in that brightness of expression which commands the enquiring gaze;—but there was in her, and around her, that retiring modesty,—that voluptuous grace of form, and action and feature, which gently win the enraptured sight, and stamp a living image upon the soul. Her hair was of a pale, golden hue; not dyed thus in accordance with the taste of the Roman ladies of her time,—but so tinged by the hand of nature; and it fell in ringlets over her neck, only bound by a simple ribbon—in that too, differing from her fair compeers, and by that the more fair, inasmuch as the sweet purity of nature was set in contrast with the stiffness of art. Her eye was blue, soft, and changing; her features small but regular; with a tinge of subdued melancholy in their brightness. Her ornaments were of the richest gems—and her robe of the costly Indian silk, shone in its twice dyed Tyrian hue.

It was near sunset; and the rich rays of the departing orb rested on the gorgeous palaces and decorated temples of the mighty Rome, mighty even in its fall—and shed a lustre round the marble walls of the lofty Capitol. All was still—and the lady Livia caught magic inspiration from the beauty of nature, and often rose from her seat, and gazed in rapture around; but she as often sunk down again, and bent her mild gaze steadfastly upon the entrance to the garden. There was a sound—she started—yes; an armed heel trod the tessellated pavement. A crimson hue, that rivalled the tint of her robe, mantled upon her transparent cheek, and her bosom heaved. The gate opened; and with a light yet ringing step, for he was clad in complete armor, Glycon, the captain of Domitian's body guard, the favored of his prince, the bravest man in Rome, stood before her.

She rose. Delight, glowing delight was pictured on her face, and, as he twined his arms about her, and pressed her to his bosom, she looked into his eyes, and while all the fervor of woman's love was glistening in her own, she softly murmured:—

'My Glycon—thou hast returned.'

'My sweet, sweet Livia, yes; after a month's long absence. Yet true to thee as ever. Come—Let us sit my love. Ere I pay my obeisance to my master, I will spend an hour with thee.'

They sat down side by side, and conversed of love; and were happy in the vows of each other; and then they spoke of the past and of the future—of themselves. It would seem to have been a pleasant subject, but as they conversed, Glycon's smile faded, and a sad frown usurped its place. Livia was alarmed:—

'My Glycon! What ails thee? Why sits that frown upon thy brow?'

'My own Livia, I fear for our happiness; I fear for the peace of Rome. This day did the Emperor convene the Senate, and when that grave body were assembled, he would have their opinions on some matter of cookery—the dressing of a turbot—and they burn with indignation. Thy father was there. I saw his swelling anger and choking shame. My Livia, though he has smiled upon our interviews, he will not give thee to one who serves the hated Emperor.'

'Then why, my Glycon, dost thou serve him?'

'I have an oath, an oath sworn upon the holy altar of Jupiter! He saved my life!'

'Domitian saved thy life? Thou hast never told thy Livia of this.'

'Twas but forgetfulness. I lived, thou knowest, in famed Arcadia; and there was near to my father's dwelling, a Roman fortress. Oftentimes, the soldiers visited our cottage—I was but a poor peasant then—and we ever received them kindly, freely giving them of what they stood in need. Sometimes there came among them one Rhetius, a captain, and he beguiled the heart of Hyala, my gentle sister'——

'Hast thou a sister?'

'I had,—but now I own her not. She is lost—lost! O Livia forgive me these tears, but—I loved her most dearly—I would have treasured her in my heart. But she fled with the villain Rhetius; fled forever! That outrage, and the sting of other wrongs, maddened a trampled people. We rose to ravenge our disgrace.—But, alas!—the Grecian name alone was left us; the Grecian heart of steel, the Grecian honor were gone! We were soon conquered, and I, with others, was brought to Rome. All perished save myself. The Emperor preserved me. Gratitude is strong, my Livia.'

'O Glycon, where is thy poor, poor sister? Speak thou not so harshly of her! *She loved*, my Glycon'—and Livia looked up in her lover's face, and clung to his bosom.

'She fled in dishonor with the Roman!'

'She loved! *she loved!* Thou canst not estimate woman's love. Where, where is she?'

'I know not. I never sought her.'

'Forgive her! Thou wilt forgive her'——

'Never!'

His tone was stern and decided, and Livia only sobbing, 'Poor Hyala,' wept bitterly.

Glycon rose to depart. He placed his burnished helmet upon his head; and his tall, manly form, displayed as it was by his closely fitting armor, and his bland, generous, yet noble features, made the bosom of Livia glow with pride that he should be her own. She wiped away her tears, and throwing herself upon his breast, twined her arms about his neck, while he strained her in a close embrace.

'Farewell, my Livia, the gods be with thee, and watch over thee! Farewell!' and the soldier left the garden.

As he strode through the hall of the palace, a slave intercepted him—

'My master would speak with thee—wilt thou follow?'

The slave led the way to a small apartment adjoining the hall, where sat the senator. The noble Marcellus, who inherited with his name, the pride and virtue of his ancestors, often wept over the ignominy of Rome; the prostration of her power; the stain upon her honor; the scorn that greeted her name. He would have raised the cry of 'Liberty'—'The Republic!' in every street! He would have bid the eagle of the Republic spread its broad wings once more, above the polluted Capitol! He would have hurled defiance at Rome's tyrants! But Rome was debased—enslaved; and the days of her glory were not destined again to greet the eyes of the despairing patriot. As Glycon entered, he rose to welcome him; and the soldier doffed his helmet, and bent low in reverence of the venerable man. Marcellus spoke:

'Glycon, thou lovest my daughter?'

'As I love my honor!'

'Well. She loves thee, Glycon.'

'Yes—yes—the gods be thanked!'

'Thou saidst thy honor. Thou treasurest thy honor, then?'

The cheek of the Grecian glowed, and his lip quivered; while a frown gathered upon his brow:—

'Does the noble Marcellus suspect me?'

'No—no—young man—thou servest an honorable master.'

The crimson on Glycon's cheek became deeper.

'Didst thou send for me that thou might'st insult me?'

'Nay—be calm.—Honorable, because he is the emperor of Rome!'

Glycon's thoughts reverted to his master's character—to the insults he had that day given the Senate; and he felt that he needed to offer an excuse for his devotion to him.

'Most noble Marcellus,' said he, 'Domitian saved my life.'

'Ha! well. For this thou servest him?'

'Yes—yes. For this I have been ready to die in his defence.'

'So—so! I like thee—I like thee—come again—often. I will converse with thee more anon. Farewell.'

After these few words, Glycon departed. The old senator stood awhile in musing thought—then he paced the room.

'Yes, yes—gratitude—honor—well—very well!—Captain of the Emperor's private guard—my daughter's lover—his own tried bravery—yes—*very well.*'

And thus speaking he left the apartment.

CHAPTER III.—THE SISTER.

The Informer Matho, the most detested man in Rome save his patron the Emperor, met Glycon as he wended his way to Domitian's palace, after the coversation described in the last chapter.

'Ha, good Glycon, returned? I'm glad to see thee. Thou hast conquered the people thou wast sent against. Thou'lt be better loved than before. I envy thee!'

The malignant look, but ill concealed beneath his fawning smile, betrayed that he envied him indeed.—Glycon glanced at him with contempt, but cautiously suppressing his feelings, he replied—

'Yes, Matho, returned—how fares the great Emperor?'

'He prospers. Ha—how finely he tricked the grey beard Senators to-day. I saw thee there. How they did wince! 'Twas delightful. But I'm bound upon an errand, adieu.'

He passed on, and Glycon continued his way, wondering what could be the import of the few words addressed to him by the father of Livia. As he strode along, the citizens whom he met, bent low before him in debased servility, for he was the captain of the Emperor's body guard; and scorn overcame gratified pride in our hero's breast; scorn of the grovelling offspring of noble ancestors;—and then he heaved a sigh—a deep sigh of anguish for the debasement of his own storied and honored Greece; whose sun had set in eternal night. Rome had ground his country into the dust; Rome had placed her iron foot upon the soil of his glorious home; and somewhat of hate was mingled with his scorn.

His sister—naturally did he think of her, sadly dreaming as he was of the degradation of his home; and with a firmer stride he rushed on. More bitter grew the expression of his features. He heeded not friend or stranger—and with a heartfelt curse upon the name of Rhetius, and a clenching of his teeth that betrayed some desperate purpose, he entered the gate of the Emperor's palace.

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I will now convey the reader to an apartment of that palace, the chamber of the captain Rhetius. It is night, and he is alone within it—reclining upon a couch; and while he seems at times to slumber, his quick starts when any sound, however slight, disturbs the silence, betray an anxious watchfulness. His features are stern, yet beautifully regular; while much of elevation is imparted to his countenance by the broad expansion of his forehead. He could smile—with a sweetness that took the feelings by storm. It was his noble forehead that threw into shade the fearful developements of avarice and passion—It was that smile which stole and fettered the gentle heart of the dark-eyed Grecian, the lost, the wretched Hyala!

Rhetius soon rose from his recumbent position—and as he sat with folded arms, looking intently at the dim lamp, which threw a pale light around, that deceitful smile wreathed itself about his features, and thus he communed with himself:—

'Yes—yes—the girl will be of worth to me. The Emperor will well pay me for giving her to him, and in his search for new pleasures, will soon cast her back again; and then—yes—Lucius shall have her. He loves a dark eye, and a pearly skin like hers, and he shall fill my coffers—the foolish spendthrift. O, rare luck that I found her!—Why comes she not? She would not dare to be coy, when I so sternly bade her yield. No: she loves me: me alone of all on earth, and will do as I have bid'—and the villain's smile grew deeper, that he could use such love for his demon purposes!

The door opened, and a female entered; with a step so light that it seemed not mortal. Yet she trod slowly and wearily. Her head was bent, and her dark hair, unbound, fell down dishevelled over her neck and bosom, that heaved with her painful breathing. She advanced towards the couch on which Rhetius still sat, with arms outstretched to receive her, and when she had come near to him, she stood still. Faintness seemed to be stealing through her frame and palsying her strength. With weak power, she pressed her hands upon her eyes, and then clasping them before her, looked into the face of her betrayer—and a loud, long agonized shriek issued from her lips; telling so dreadful a tale of wo, that the sentinel in the hall beyond, started and grasped his spear, and the hardened soldiers by the gates, who had often heard such sounds in that gilded abode of crime, smiled grimly in each others' faces. It was the utterance of a broken heart,—and Hyala fell senseless upon the floor!

Rhetius placed her upon the couch, and applying restoratives, bent over her in wily craft, and tried to recover her by endearing caresses, and tones of sorrowing love. He well knew the human heart, and he succeeded. She gasped, and her eyes opened. For a few moments, her senses wandered.—A faint smile played about her lips, and she murmured the name of her native village, and of her beloved brother. When reason came again, and she felt all the horror of her situation, she calmly rose and stood up. Despair, hopeless, guilty despair was painted on her features. Her eyes were bloodshotten and wildly bright—her cheeks of a startling paleness, and a cold shiver ran through her frame. Rhetius was alarmed; and would have spoken soothingly—but the miserable girl motioned to him to keep silence, and then, in calm, hollow tones, she said;—

'O Rhetius, Rhetius,—what hast thou made of me!'

The sound of her voice restored the callousness of the monster by her side, who had feared she was dying; and he answered;—

'Nay—nay, Hyala, thou wilt not upbraid me; I love thee still—as much as ever. Arouse thee, Hyala—this is foolishness!'

Hyala remained yet before him, her eye wandering around, and seemed not to hear his words; for when he had ended, she only replied, with a mournful shake of her head, as if agony had stolen her senses,—

'Rhetius, Rhetius, what hast thou made of me!'

'Girl,' answered he, 'thou hast done nothing more than the Roman women do every day. Away with this grieving. Bethink thee—It is an honor to thee that the Emperor of Rome has smiled upon thee! and more—it has added gold—much gold to thy lover's coffers. Ha! ha! Thou shalt partake of it, and—and—thou shalt visit the Prince again, my Hyala"—and he kissed her.

At these words, she fell down upon her knees before him, and clasped her hands in mute supplication—as white and still as the marble statues that adorned the apartment. In the act, a circlet of the richest gems, wrought in the finest gold, partly escaped from beneath the bosom of her robe, and glittered in the light. Rhetius darted upon it, with a smile of joy; and drawing it forth, he strode to the lamp, and examined it with a scrutinizing eye. Then he held it up in admiration.

'My good, dear Hyala—so thou didst not refuse his gifts! I know I had thee not, and thou hast obeyed me. I thank thee! 'Tis worth the fortune of the proudest senator of Rome! How sparkle the diamonds and pearls! Oh glorious prize!'—and as he placed the dazzling chain with his ill gotten riches, he muttered to himself, 'the girl shall go again!'

There was a knock at the door of the room. It was a messenger from the Emperor commanding the presence of Rhetius—and bidding Hyala to be of good cheer, he hastened to obey the summons.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DISCLOSURE!

Domitian, the Emperor of Rome, was alone in his apartment. He had just pressed his polluting lips upon the forehead of the beautiful Grecian, whom Rhetius had given up to him, and dismissed her from his presence. He was alone, and miserable. The emblems of his grandeur were around him. He gloated upon the remembrance of a thousand maddening pleasures—upon the anticipation of a thousand coming gratifications of his unholy passions. He trod his floor, the Emperor of Rome!—to whom a world bowed down—before whom millions trembled!—yet happier was the savage Scythian in his wild fastnesses, than Domitian in his greatness. He knew himself to be cursed by a multitude of tongues. He knew that revenge,—just revenge burned in the breast of husbands, fathers, brothers—for wives, daughters, sisters, dragged to the sacrifice of fiendish licentiousness!—that the hate of many was upon him for possessions tyrannically siezed—that a people would have shouted at his death knell for rights trampled into the dust, honor assailed, justice violated—that the Gods must have fixed their ban upon his soul for enormities that the tongue trembled to utter! The demon of fear was his second self, within him, and ever by his side. Mirrors of polished brass lined his walls, that the shadows of the secret assassin might betray him! Such is the happiness of the mighty wicked! Such was Domitian—the Emperor of Rome!

His features were distorted by the indulgence of brutish sensuality—and so completely had he surrendered his soul to unbridled guilt, that every successive thought was a hideous crime. Even now, as he sat upon his couch, a savage smile came over his face, at the recollection of the death pangs of two citizens, on whose murder he had that day feasted. Gradually, the fierce expression faded—and visions crossed his depraved imagination, of beauty oft made his own,—of demon plans to win yet more to his loathsome embraces;—but ever and anon, as he thus indulged his foul desires, a shudder came over him—a paleness overspread his countenance—and his eye peered in every corner. There was a slight sound—He sprung to his feet, and the drops came out upon his forehead—and, in a tremulous voice, as of a scared child, he called out—

'Jupiter defend me! Lucius, art thou there?'

The voice of the guard at the door was heard in reply, and it calmed the fears of the Emperor, who, muttering of assassins, threw himself upon his couch. He soon started again in an agony of terror, as the challenge of the guard sounded in the stillness; and he tromblingly grasped the handle of his naked sword, when he heard the door slowly open! A soldier entered, made his obeisance, and approached the almost shrinking monarch—and not until he had spoken, was he recognised to be the trusty—the faithful Glycon.

'Pardon me that I intrude upon thee, my master, thus unseasonably—I bethought me thou wouldst not desire me to sleep, ere my mission's end were made known to thee.'

'Right, my Glycon. Let me grasp thy hand. Thy Emperor rejoices in thy safety. Thou art ever watchful—we know thou hast achieved thy work.'

Glycon then detailed the events of the uprising which he had been sent to quell—when he had concluded, the Emperor again spoke—

'Nobly acted! what need have we to fear, with such as thou art to protect? But soft—the guard again challenges a comer. 'Tis Rhetius, my tried captain, who hath returned from his post in Greece.'

A slight stirt was the only evidence that Glycon knew aught of Rhetius—for he possessed the power, to smother his passions within his breast. The Emperor continued.

'Go thou within the inner chamber, my Glycon, until I have spoken with Rhetius. I will call thee when I have done.'

Gladly did our Hero avail himself of the command; for he could not calmly have met the betrayer of his sister—and the deep and settled hate burning within him, might have broken out even in the chamber of Domitian. He strode hastily across the floor to the room designated, that his figure might not be shadowed in the mirrors around, and himself be revealed—yet he closed not the door, ere his enemy had entered, and the Emperor thus spoken:—

'Oh, my Rhetius—welcome! I sent for thee as I promised, to tell thee of the sunny Hyala'——

Hyala!—Glycon caught the sentence and stood aghast. Hyala!—Domitian uttering that name! It could not be—he had not heard aright—and he bent his head, and stilled his very breath to listen.

'Didst thou not find her in all, as worthy the kiss of the mighty Emperor as I had depicted,' said the heartless parasite.

'More—more!' exclaimed Domitian, his eye kindling, and his voice fervent at the memory of her beauty. 'Her breath was sweet as the fragrant gales from the groves of the far East; and her ruby lips wooed the kiss I hastened in rapture to bestow. Here—here is thy reward—she must come again.'

'She shall mighty Emperor,—may thy subject ask how received the girl, the caresses of her great master.'

'Coyly—coyly, my Rhetius—and shrunk and wept—and made me burn the more with the fire of love. But I conquered—I conquered—Remember, she must come again! Where got thou her?'

'In Greece. She was a peasant girl of my province. I won her love that I might bring her to thee.'

'I thank thee—I thank thee!—and now farewell. Bear thou this word to the dark-eyed Hyala—that Domitian loves her. Per Jove! She is a Goddess! Farewell.'

Rhetius left the apartment, loaded with the price of his mistress—a casket of the richest gems; and Glycon came again before his monarch; but he looked not as before. There was a flush upon his face—a withering fire in his eye—a quiver on his lip—and drops of sweat upon his brow, that told how mental agony had mastered even the careful soldier. His fingers played with the handle of his sword, as if they longed to clutch it; he towered to his full height; and the steel plates that covered his breast, rose and fell and slightly rattled with its heaving. He did not, could not speak.

'Thou mayest go, my Glycon,' said Domitian; in his own reverie on the beauties of Hyala, blind to the emotion of his soldier. 'Thou mayest go—assured of my love for thee. Let me see thee to-morrow.'

'Glycon only bowed as he departed, and as the door closed behind him, he grasped his sword with convulsive energy, while the breath came hard through his teeth.

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Another, a softly moving, cringing creature was not long after this in the chamber of Domitian. It was Matho, whom we have met before.

'My lord, a prize have I for thee. A being so beautiful and bright and young, that she seems one of the daughters of Heaven sojourning on earth. A being who has been kept from the world, pure as the gushing fountain.

Domitian, while Matho thus discoursed, listened with a joy, increased by every new epithet of praise.

'Who is she, Matho?' interrupted he; 'where? is she here? Hast thou already procured her for me? speak! What call'st thou her?'

'Livia; and she is the daughter of a proud senator. Force alone will get her. O how celestial are her charms!

'A senator! Curses light upon him and his Order! Get her; here is my signet; and slay the senator if it be necessary. Shall I have her to-morrow, Matho?' asked he in eagerness, laying his hand on the informer's arm.

'Yes, my lord—and I crave a boon. When thou hast done with her, shall Matho possess her?'

'Yes, yes; I will give her to thee.'

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Glycon strode through the broad galleries of the palace, hardly conscious of his course; and his emotion grew more vivid and maddening as he went on. He was governed by a wild determination to execute immediate vengeance. Hyala, his sister—What was she now? The thought almost turned his brain—and hastily inquiring of the guard, the direction, he rushed towards the apartments of Rhetius; impelled by passion, unknowing what end he would attain. He passed not at the door—the guard dared not oppose the entrance of so powerful an officer, and he was soon within the chamber. Rhetius was not there; but a quivering yet melodious voice broke on his ear:

'Rhetius, is it thou?'

There was no reply, and Hyala stole softly forward and lifted her eyes to scan the comer. She saw him—knew him and was blasted by the sight! She did not utter a sound—but her gaze was chained on his, and the blood retreated to her heart, leaving

that Matho had summoned the soldiers, and now he beckoned to them to approach. Ere they came up, one here threw off the grasp of the two from his Livia, and standing between her and her captors, while she clung to his supporting arm, he placed himself in an attitude of bold defiance—ready to dare the contest with one and all. Matho, and his vile associate, cowed by the baseness of their purpose, and awed by the majesty of indignant resolve, drew back from before him, pausing until the soldiers should begin the assault. They advanced from their hiding place, and levelled their spears for the attack, while Matho encouraged them from behind—but while they halted to reconnoitre their brave foe, Glycon knocked up the spears of the foremost with his sword, exclaiming—

'Away with you, ye dogs!—and know me for Glycon!—away!—or I'll have you flayed alive for your temerity—ye tools of a fox-hearted villain!'

The sound of his voice operated like a magic spell. The soldiers turned and skulked away, without reply, dreading the vengeance of the powerful captain of the body guard, though they were acting for the emperor himself. Matho, frustrated in in his project, quickly followed them with his companion—and Glycon was left alone with his mistress.

'Fear not, my own Livia,' said he, 'thy Glycon will protect thee!' and gently assisting her up the steps, they disappeared within the palace.

* * * *

The morning referred to by the senator Marcellus dawned upon Rome. The day previous had passed away without any occurrence to betray that a stern resolve would soon break forth in destroying fury; and now the storm, unchecked, was ready to burst. The sky was cloudless, and the sun shone out upon the miserable city, its burning rays tempered by a mild breeze from the snowy Appenines. As noon approached, the streets distant from the capitol became gradually deserted, and when the hour had arrived for the work to begin, the oppressed inhabitants of fallen Rome, old and young, armed with whatever weapon they could command, poured through the arched entrances into the Forum Magnum—the place where had been promulgated the laws of the Republic—whose every spot was consecrated by some glorious memorial. The senators were there—armed; for they had excited this uprising against oppression, and were determined to save themselves and the people, or lay their gory forms an offering in the streets of Rome. But not all were assembled—for the gold of an Emperor and licentious indulgence had bought the virtue of thousands—but there were enough, if the blow were struck at once, to free the Eternal City.

The sea of heads waved to and fro, and the clamor rose of thousand tongues—until the venerable Marcellus mounted the Rostrum to speak to the people. When his grey head appeared above the mass a deathlike silence reigned. He began—he told them of Rome's better days—of her present degradation. He told them of Rome's ancient patriots—of Rome's degenerate sons.—He told them how those patriots served the usurping tyrant—he exorted them to imitate their glorious example. A shout of applause and fierce determination rent the air; and as the fathers, one after another said a few words to cheer them on, the fire of resolve burned more vividly. The plans had been well arranged—and when all was ready, the soldiers who were attached to liberty marched first along the street; after them came the young and hardy men—then the senators—and in the rear, the crowd, shouting 'Liberty!' 'Vengeance!' 'Freedom again to Rome!'

Domitian was feasting at a banquet with his flatterers and parasites, when a soldier announced that the people had risen—and soon their echoing shouts, that filled all Rome, rung through the hall of the palace. The revellers started and stood aghast! Domitian, pale as the face of the dead, in his trembling fear, could scarce give his orders for resistance. But at last he spoke—

'Rhetius—Rhetius—Go thou against them quickly! Let thy brave cohorts surround them and resist them well. If they get victory over the vile rabble, they shall be loaded with spoils. Go! let some one bid the Pretorian guard the outer gates of the palace—and ho! summon Glycon, our Captain, hither!'

He was quickly obeyed. Rhetius departed, and Glycan, in full armor came into the presence of the Emperor.

'Ha, my Glycon, welcome! Never could I welcome thee in a better hour. I depend all upon thee and thy brave band. Lie thou in reserve; and should the soldiers of Rhetius waver, put in the strong arm of succor—or if they conquer, help them to pile the streets with the carcasses of these rebels. Away, my Glycon!'

The Captain bowed and left his master.

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The citizens of Rome, the more inflamed by the contagion of sympathy, and gathering courage as they went on, rushed along one of the broadest streets of the city, onward to the palace of the Emperor. Their numbers inspired them with hopes of success, and the tardy appearance of any foe, filled many with the thought that fear had already mastered them. They shouted the louder, as this gave them renewed confidence; but their cry was broken in the midst, as they saw the Captain Rhetius, with his cohorts, enter the street before them, and prepare for an attack.—The multitude halted. When the enemy advanced, the soldiers of the people, brave, but comparatively few in number, made an onset upon them, and the battle raged fearfully in front. A deafening tumult filled the air. As the files of the trained forces became broken, senators and citizens mingled in the confused affray. There was no retreat for the foremost of the liberal party. The dense crowd pressed on, and as citizen after citizen fell before the practised cohorts of the Emperor, their places were filled by fresh combatants, forced on by those behind. At this crisis, a furious trampling was heard; and a cry of horror arose from the centre of the patriots, as they descried a band of horsemen galloping down a cross street upon them. Despair made them brave. The horses sprang amidst the close wedged mass, striking with their hoofs, and trampling many to the earth; while their powerful riders dealt deadly blows with the sword. But the multitude rushed upon them, and impeding their progress by their thronging numbers, they scattered destruction in return. In the meantime the fight ceased not in front—and now the soldiers of Rhetius wavered—the horsemen were discomfited—and the cry of 'Rome and Victory' rent the air. Rhetius rallied his retreating troops at some distance from their foe, and while they paused to breathe ere they began a second attack, the exulting patriots, pealing forth the battle word, moved onward to secure their advantage.

At this moment the lances of the body Guard gleamed in the distance. The wearied cohorts of Domitian hailed them in a loud cry of joy. Fast they approached—the majestic Glycon at their head; and the Romans hushed their shout, and fell back in palpitating fear. Steadily, and in close columns, the reserve marched on, the soldiers of Rhetius opening for them to pass through to the front. There in the midst, for a moment they halted, and the paralyzed Romans, chilled by the sight, began to waver; when Glycon gave a sudden command;—and quick as thought, the columns turned, and rushed, fresh, brave and determined, full upon the cohorts of the Emperor. Astounded—unprepared—already broken down, the latter offered feeble resistance. Angels from Heaven could not have more roused the spirits of the patriots, and again—louder than before, pealed the cry of 'Rome and Victory!'—as the citizens followed the unexpected succor. But upon Rome had been written by the Almighty, the record of decay—of death; and what mortal power should stay the fulfilment of the awful fiat! Another cohort swept down the street; and the notes of gladness were once more stilled. Glycon and his troop fought with the cool resolution and unwavering firmness of war trained men, and the Grecian made broad the space around him, save that it was heaped with the bodies of the foe. He fought, covered with blood, hewing out a gory course toward the hated Rhetius, who, on his part, was busy with carnage, and making many a Roman matron to wail in desolation. Nearer to each other came the two—and when Rhetius perceived the brother of Hyala sweeping away resistance, and panting for revenge, for the first time his arm trembled, and his sword shook in his unsteady grasp. But there was no retreat. Prostrate fell a foeman before the sword of Glycon—two alone remained to stay him in his wrath, and these, with coward fear shrunk from before the mighty conqueror, and left him face to face with the seducer—the destroyer of his sister! He glared on him an eye of scorn and hate! Rage choaked the fierce word he would have uttered, and with a tiger spring, he darted upon him. The fire flashed from their clashing swords—now they rose to full hei , now crouched in wary cunning. At one moment, Glycon retreated, the next, and his opponent was driven from his vantage. The desperate conflict closed! Glycon threw himself with his gathered strength upon his foe, and bearing him down to earth, with a laugh of triumph, drove his weapon through the scales of his armor to his heart—and waving it above him, rushed on to finish his work!

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Domitian, stood in an ag to of terror, surrounded by crowds of sycophants, awaiting news of the battle; messenger after messenger bore tidings of the continued defeat of his troops, and he gasped for breath, as they related, one after the other, their several tales of varied misfortune.—Then came one, two and three and departed; and at length a fourth was ushered into the presence of the Emperor.—Glycon had but a short time before, marched with the brave reserve.

'Ha!' exclaimed Domitian, 'what hast thou to say of Glycon? He is successful—he drives them back—he conquers.'

'My master, as sooner had he reached the ground, than he joined the enemy'—

'Villain!' shrieked the agonised Emperor, while the sweat stood on his brow—'thou liest! Slay him where he stands!'

The carcass of the messenger was borne away.

Breathless with haste, a 5 th entered.

'Ha! what hast thou to say? quick!—out with thy story!'

'Rhetius is slain by Glycon!'

The Emperor sank paralyzed, into the arms of his attendants. Yet another knelt before his master—

'Victory! victory! most noble master! The enemy is flying. The senators are prisoners!'

Domitian sprung forward with every mingled passion on his features—

'Where—where is Glycon!' shouted he throwing his arms wide—

'They cling him before thee, great Emperor!'

A loud exulting shout burst from the tyrant's lips—

'Good—Good!—now—now for vengeance! Let the heads of the chief senators be chopped from their rebel carcasses, and thrown them for a warning into the Tiber. But Glycon—the traitor, preserve him—preserve him—that my brain may invent some exquisite torment! Yes—yes—he shall to the lions and tigres mad with hunger in the arena! Ha! he shall be torn piecemeal, and so shall die! Keep Glycon for the arena.'

Ere night shadowed the miserable city, the heads of fifty of her proudest senators were mingling their blood with the turbid waters—but Marcellus had escaped.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARENA—THE DEVELOPEMENT OF THE PLOT—THE END.

Upon a miserable couch, in a low hovel, in one of the most unfrequented, narrow, and dirty streets of Rome, lay the Senator Marcellus. He was clad in a tattered and lowly garb, and disappointment and sorrow had preyed upon his frame, but there remained yet the stern dignity of look, the haughty brow, the commanding air of the highborn noble. He was apparently asleep—though the moving of his lips at intervals, might have betrayed to the observer, that thought was busy within him. By his side, in a mean dress corresponding to his own, with her face buried in his bosom, knelt the sunny Livia, the daughter of his house. She was wakeful—watchful for whenever the storm beat heavily against the rude walls of the hut, or the footfall of some lone passer by broke the stillness, she would suddenly lift up her head, and glance fearfully around. Upon her once calm, bright features, agony of spirit had laid a blighting hand—robbing her of much outward beauty, but at the same time, revealing in more lustrous openness the heavenly purity of her soul.

There was a low repeated tap at the door—Clasping her hands—a slight gleam of joy stealing across her face—Livia sprung across the floor and drew back the bolt, admitting the gray-haired Titus, an ancient client of her father. The old man sat down his basket in which were some slight provisions which he had purchased, and then shook off the rain from his course robe. Livia carefully in the mean time, fastened the door behind him.

'Well, Titus, said Marcellus, what news, what news?—nothing of gladness I warrant me—for thy look has no revelation of joy.'

The freedman shook his head as if to change the subject, and busied himself in unloading his basket. It was time for the anxious Livia to speak; laying her hand softly upon his arm to draw his attention, while a deep, burning blush rose and mantled on her pale cheek, she whispered—

'Didst hear aught of *him*—no rumor of *his* fate?'

'I must e'en tell thee, dear lady—though the tale may blanch thy cheek yet nearer to the icy marble. Glycon has been a prisoner since the battle.'

'He lives then, he lives!'

'Yes, dear lady—but he is training for a gladiator—and next week, at the great festival, he must combat in the arena.'

'What, Titus! sayst thou so? There is no hope then for the brave Glycon'—said Marcellus—looking anxiously at his gasping child.

'No hope!' exclaimed Livia, oh no, no! he said not so! there is *hope*—there is hope, O Titus!'

'One—but one, and that as yet my lady only faintly shadowed forth. Will my master permit a word with him?'

Marcellus and the old servant conversed for some time together in low whispers—careful not to permit their words to be heard by the disconsolate Livia; who now sat on the couch, her face buried in her hands, and her dreadful grief was only visible in her long drawn sobs. After the conference, her father approached her and took her hand.

'Livia, there is hope for Glycon. Our friends have in secret arranged a plot to save him. It is faint, my Livia—yet Jupiter may look with favor upon us, and give us success. Here must we lie in sad concealment, until the Games. Then, when the Roman soldiers and Roman knaves are intent on pleasure, we must have to others the fulfilment of the design, and fly forever from this degraded Rome!'

* * * *

The festival came. Mad riot strode with unfettered step through every avenue of the eternal city, and at night, when the minions of the Emperor, steeped in wild licentiousness, surrendered duty to the blandishments of sensual indulgence. Marcellus and the miserable Livia stole away. Fortune favored their escape—and ere the morning dawned, the lowering smoke hung over Rome, to them sinking down in the far horizon. Livia had written a scroll to Glycon, in which she informed him whither they had fled, that, should he be saved, he might direct his steps in pursuit. This, the faithful Titus promised by some means to convey to him—and then with stifled emotion, Marcellus left the home that he had hoped to redeem—with a short adieu, he bade farewell to her records of glorious days—looked with tearful eyes on the pillars of her proud capitol—and wandered forth—a noble, firm, unshrinking patriot, to lay his bones in a foreign soil.

Ho—for the Arena! rung the re-echoing cry! Ho! for the merry combats—was the voice of a people, so lost to human sympathy that the sight of blood was to them as grateful incense. High up towards the heavens appeared the multitude in the amphitheatre, crowded together, rising a breathing mass, seat above seat to the lofty top. The sports were for a time retarded, waiting for the entrance of the Emperor. When he appeared with his officers and guards and took his seat, here and there hired parasites shouted at the top of their voices: 'Long live Domitian, the mighty Emperor of Rome,' but the outnumbering people were still as the grave; and he who had been as a dread demon of evil among them, swelled with burning rage, that they would not echo the shout 'Long live the mighty Emperor!'

Ere long the combat began. Pairs of gladiators successfully fought, and again and again was the absorbing sand thrown upon the bloody arena. After the spectators had become satiated with this dreadful enjoyment, the ravenous denizans of the forest were let loose for men to battle with, in abhorent and unnatural warfare. Some, wary and cunning, slew their wild antagonists,—others, were torn in pieces by their ruthless fangs. Domitian soon grew impatient for the consummation of vengeance, and gave command that Glycon the Grecian should be brought in the arena. As he firmly entered, armed by the Emperor's orders with only sword and shield, there was a stir among the populace of admiration and love—which the more galled the savage Domitian—and made his breast burn the fiercer for revenge—Glycon stood undaunted before the eyes of the circling multitude, with a composure of nerve, and an elevation of countenance that spoke the bold determination and fearlessness of his soul. At times he bent his head forward as he slowly paced the arena, and his eyes roved searchingly among the mass—and sure this evidence of interest in those about him, no sign of emotion was visible in his features. The Emperor impatiently gave the signal for the fight—and the first opponent sprung—his burnished armor glistening with light—into the view of the people. A smothered cry of horror broke forth. He was a tall sinewy Dalmatian; the strongest—the most hardy of the brutal gladiators; and him was Glycon to oppose. Throughout the crowd, dread of the certainty of the gallant Glycon's fate made them hush every sound as the combatants prepared for their contest.—There were dreadful odds—but not a shadow of fear crossed the calm face of our devoted Hero. He fixed his eagle eye upon the Dalmatian, and in lofty courage opposed him. Caution was his breast plate. When the gladiator bore down upon him with a fierce and deadly stroke, he sprung aside, and escaped unscathed—and again, when the heavy sword was descending, he dexteriously turned aside the blow with his good shield. Thousands in an agony of anxiety watched that slow unequal combat. The confidence of the Dalmatian in his armor and his superiority was the safety of Glycon. At length, the enraged gladiator threw himself with a final effort upon his foe. His powerful blow was caught upon the inclined shield, and his heavy sword glancing aside, threw him from his guard. This was the moment for Glycon. He closed—threw his adversary from his feet—and as he fell, he plunged his weapon into his unguarded neck. The dark fountain of life poured from the wound—and the attendants dragged the body from the arena.

There was a long and exulting shout—but it became instantly and painfully hushed as the roar of the half famished Lion echoed along the air. Until now, not a muscle of Glycon's frame had quivered—not a limb had trembled—nor had his cheek blanched in his danger. But now his lips quivered—his keen glance roved with lightning quickness around, and his face became deadly pale. Joy gleamed on the visage of the Emperor as he observed the change—

"He is afraid!" exclaimed he "Glycon is afraid! Good—good; now, NOW—let forth the Lion!"

—Was it fear that had come over Glycon?

—Already was the sword of Glycon pointed by his trembling hand to receive his raging foe—when at once, loud, mingled, increasing cries were heard on all sides among the crowd. Up sprang the multitude to their feet. Broader and broader swelled the clamor "The enemy!—the enemy!—Rebellion!—The Senators!—The soldiers!" were shouted forth, echoing in stunning confusion. Like the angry sea the heads waved to and fro. The women shrieked and clung to their protectors. Through the broad entrances rushed thousands to escape from imaginary danger—and thousands too, threw themselves into the arena.

The coward Domitian sprung up, and looked wildly around—

"My guards, ho! my guards! Clear me a pathway!—Ho, my guards!"

Soldiers and parasites gathered about him, and the noise grew louder as he hurried into the open air.—

"Now my lord, now" said one behind Glycon, "none but friends are around—Quick—put on this robe—the Emperor will soon discover the cheat—mingle with friends—away!"

* * * * * *

The prisoner had fled—whither the strictest search of the Emperor could not detect.—The plot had succeeded.

Ere many years, the crimes of the monster ensured his doom—and the fate that dared not attack him in open day, destroyed him by the arm of the assassin. Domitian fell—and a world rejoiced. His body was left to decay in the open air, his honors were all annulled—his memory loaded with the foul opprobrium which his vices deserved—and Nerva mounted the throne.

With deep anxiety did a peasant, his wife, and her father busily tilling the earth in a little village in Greece watch the reign of this good prince, to see if greatness would develope the vices which stained the reign of his predecessor,—but after two years of honorable rule, Nerva died.—Trajan succeeded. The salutary projects, of lamented patron were fulfilled by him—and when it was sure that the citizens of the Eternal city could live in the land of his fathers in peace, the peasant and his family left their obscure retreat, and entered on their way to Rome.

Loud echoed it through the city that the senator Marcellus and the brave Glycon who had fought for the people were returned—and when the Emperor was told of it, he with joy gave back to the venerable man the possessions of his house, and welcomed Glycon with honor—and he lived—winning respect and love as the friend and counsellor of his master.

[The above tale is not without its object. I have endeavored to portray so far as the limits of a story would permit, the state of Rome under the wicked Emperors. I trust I have somewhat succeeded.] N. P. R.

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1836.

CRIME.

The annals of the past week have been teeming with the records of revolting crime. A murder has been committed at Providence—suicide has destroyed several—and a dreadful deed of combined wickedness has caused, in the neighboring city of New York, intense excitement. As is usual in crises of this nature, many comments are made, and much startling information is elicited. The press in New York has taken occasion to remark upon the great increase of crime in that city. The number of thieves, who daily roam the streets in search of prey, is estimated at *one thousand*—and of course, as one kind of sin goes hand in hand with another, we may suppose a fearful extent of wickedness. Intimately connected as we are with New York, in all our interests—with facilities for immediate intercourse, which seem almost to annihilate space, whatever creates excitement there, or affects the good order of that city, must necessarily be of importance to us. Nothing can more interest us than its *moral* condition; for sooner or later its advancement or retrogradation will tend to improve or poison the condition of our own metropolis.

New York is of course peculiarly liable to be made the rendezvous of criminals, and the lunar-house of sin, from its commerce and central position. It is rapidly increasing—and the question arises—is not *now* the time for its government to strike a blow for its regeneration.—Now, ere weak regulations rivet the chain more strongly!

A gentleman who lately visited New York was taken by a citizen to the famous Five Points—the foul pool of all abomination. 'There,' said he, 'look around you in every direction—not a dwelling can you see that is not devoted to every description of crime!'

Is it necessary to suffer a part of the city to be consecrated to the Demon of Moral Death! Must the spot be designated, where the degraded and the abandoned may turn as to their *home*? Shall the tacit consent of the authorities stamp the seal of Hell on a portion of the city, and set it apart forever as the palace of the Evil One! so is it now. Is not NOW the time for the strong arm of authority to interpose?

This city is, as we have said, much interested in the moral situation of New York—and we hope that something may be done.

OUR SCHOOLS.

It will be remembered that considerable excitement was occasioned some time ago by the supposition of an injurious change in our Public School system—whereby the Writing Masters were to be placed on a level with the Grammar Masters. The subject was debated in the School Committee and to the satisfaction of all disinterested persons, a resolve was passed committing the subject to a committee with instructions to report a change on the basis of the system of 1830. This committee has since reported, and the document is so clear, lucid and satisfactory, that we regret that we have not opportunity to enlarge upon it. We will state, however, that it adopts the grounds which we sometime ago mentioned as appearing to us the true foundation of a system, viz: that there is no reason why Writing and Arithmetic should be placed under the supervision of a separate master—that there should be but one head to each school—that the sexes ought not to receive instruction under the same roof; that there be one head master, and he a graduate of some respectable college.

These positions are enforced with singular clearness and carry conviction with them.

ARTICLE FROM THE POST AND REMARKS.

We have been a citizen of Norfolk county, and are much interested in what takes place therein. We have therefore copied an article from the Post upon a matter which is stirring up the good people there, and given our own views on the subject.

LICENCES. The Innholders and retailers of the county of Norfolk hold a convention at Alden's, in Dedham, on Thursday next, the 14th inst., to take into consideration the refusal of the County Commissioners to grant them licenses.

We are told that in consequence of the reprehensible course of these officers, that many of the taverns in Norfolk County are closed.

There was a similar attempt made at Worcester last year, which produced a great excitement there.

We are advocates of temperance, but we most heartily disapprove of the fanatical course of the ultra temperance preachers; most of them are casting hypocrites, who have mounted this hobby from sinister motives,—mere dishwater politicians, devoid of honesty and common sense, but overflowing with selfishness and arrogance.

What right, we would ask, have the county commissioners to attempt, at the dictation of such persons to change the business of a whole class—to deprive them of their ordinary means of getting a living. If the legislature and the people had not intended that this business should be followed, they would have prohibited it by law, but instead of that, they have authorised the county commissioners to grant licences.—The law has, it is true, lodged with them a discretionary power to refuse licenses to improper persons. But under that discretion the commissioners have no right to prohibit the business, which would be to defeat the very purpose of their appointment.

None but the muddy headed pettifoggers who guide their acts would ever have conceived so great an absurdity.

We advise the citizens of Norfolk county to bring these commissioners up to the bolt ring.

But what is more important, let them send liberal minded men to the General Court, who will amend the law, and who will not attempt to deprive men of the right of selling that which the laws of the U. States, the paramount law of the land, authorizes to be imported and sold.

We say to the Innkeepers of Norfolk county go ahead, and compel the commissioners to do their duty.

The *spirits* of the retailers are much depressed in consequence of the refusal. The Post means to make Jackson men of all the body.

Any tavern supported by grog-selling alone, *ought* to be closed—and this is a *staggering* argument for the course of the commissioners.

Yes—and the people made fools of themselves in the excitement.

Here's a sweeping, annihilating denunciation! we file a demurrer. That *many* go too far—much too far, we allow—but not *most. Dishwater politicians!*—this sounds ominous! The Post fears *something*—not a *temperance* party versus Martin Van? Is that it?

A sensible paragraph—much in a little. The county commissioners have gone too far,—have exceeded the bounds of their duty,—and such measures will, as did some of the ultra proceedings of the convention, do more to injure the cause they profess to aid, than any thing which can be attempted. *Intemperate* zeal is highly culpable in such a cause. It was the duty of the commissioners to examine every applicant for a license and they might then have rejected them as improper persons—on the ground that no person is proper to vend spirituous liquors—which is the truth of the matter.

Here's a mystification—something terrible in disguise—*words*. Men of Norfolk, what DO they mean?

Mobocracy—a hint. What may the bolt ring be? Natick pond, or the tar and feather place? Mr Post, you are ominous.

Right—but *liberal minded!* that is *Jackson men!*—N. B. Take notice! If Jackson men are sent next year to the General Court, the Post is sorely that they will *repeal* the licensing laws or amend them. We shall hold them to it.

Mutiny, mobocracy again! culpable excitement to unlawful courses. We are sorry to see the press so regardless of the true interests of our citizens.

We dont meddle with politics in this. All we say is—Temperance comes within our province, and we shan't see men of any party *warping* it for their interests. *Ergo*, we expose the Post.

☞ We wonder if our city Marshal or either of his deputies, Mr W ricul ar, has ever noticed a piece of side walk at the entrance to Bowdoin square on the right hand side of Court street, where the bricks have been torn up for nearly a year.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANIES.

The Zoological Institute will leave Boston before the end of the month. If any one has not seen the grand collection of beasts there exhibited, he has done injustice to himself and must hasten to remedy it. Ladies will find everything neat and in the best of order. Let the short remaining opportunity be improved.

The Irish. An Irish Temperance Society has been formed in this city, and after several excellent regulations and resolves, comes the following—

2. Resolved, That wherever an Irishman is seen and known to walk through life in the path of circumspection, integrity and temperance, he is invariably beloved and esteemed, and that it wants but a vigilant respect to the above rule to make us universally so.

Yes—nowhere will you find a better population than Irishmen of this character. We have many in this city—diligent, enterprising, and *respected* men. We are glad to see a Temperance society instituted by men of this class. They deserve the thanks of our citizens and will do extensive good—both by precept and practice.

Tit for tat. The editor of the New York Herald did us the honor awhile since to copy from the Morning Post a blackguard article on ourself. We hate to be in arrears to any man, and finding the following in the Nantucket Inquirer, we cannot resist the temptation to requite his favor. Mr Jenks is a respectable editor, and in these parts is considered as good authority.

The New York Herald is hereby counselled to make an occasional attempt at something within hailing distance of the truth, as he flounders about, helter skelter, amid his numerous suicidal attempts to appear smart. In a piece of hypocritical slip-slop, published last Monday, he asserts that the first man who started a Sunday paper in New York, was 'a native of Nantucket'—and that the editor of the Sunday News 'is also from Nantucket'—both of which are flat falsehoods. It grieves us that we feel compelled to utter, in addition—which we do with all possible civility—our opinion that the affected sprightliness of the Herald, never very brilliant or effective, has become, from too much overstraining, exceedingly vapid. Its wit, if it ever had any, has degenerated into downright silliness.

Steamboats on the Sound. Opposition, it is said, is the life of business; but it seems shameful that a new line should try to supersede an old one, when every attention has been paid to the comfort of passengers, and what is more, the old experimentalists have hardly reaped simple interest on their stock. Coleman is in the President yet, and Bunker in the Ben Franklin—and they call their, the staunch old line—the *People's Line*—D'ye hear?

Bangor Boats. Good arrangements, good captains, good directors and better determination, are all *engaged*. The united line, will make travelling to the eastward this summer delightful.

Prosperity of our land. The New Orleans Bee, after noticing a new paper called 'The Far West,' printed somewhere by the Rocky Mountains, thus discourses:

'Ten years may not have elapsed before steamboats will navigate the whole course of the Yellow Stone, to the base of the Missouri or Rocky Mountains; across which chain a rail road may be more easily constructed than over the Alleghanies; and then huzza for steamboats on the Columbia river, and thence steamships across the Pacific ocean to the commerce and luxuries of China and the East Indies.'

We cannot deem the picture exaggerated. Improvement makes such rapid strides, that we are less willing to hazard an opinion upon what men cannot do, than to wonder at the vast projects in which they succeed

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE OCULIST.

'A death by fright
Almost, not quite.'—*Unknown*'

The great oculist to four sovereigns; to Chang Tong, Emperor of China; to Prince Eugene; to the Governor of Barrataria; and who no doubt will be—if he remain in this country long enough—oculist to that renowned chieftain, the gallant Col Pluck of the bloody 84th regiment of Pennsylvania militia:—

This great oculist, I say, who has already so far restored the power of vision to sundry old women as to enable them to count their fingers, and calculate, that ten guineas—who would have healed a gentleman's inflamed eye for the moderate sum of *twenty-five* guineas, had not the gentlemen imprudently healed it himself by the use of fourpence worth of warm milk——

Who so entirely rectified a gentleman's visual obliquity that his gimlet eye is no longer considered a bore; and instead of looking two ways of a Sunday as he was wont to do, he now looks but one way for every day in the week—

Who, within a few days, restored a pope's eye to a leg of mutton, and is thereby entitled to the enviable appellation of oculist to his holiness, as well as to the four sovereigns——

This great oculist, I say once more, had well nigh terminated his valuable existence a few days since by poison—no, not poison—fright.

'Thus the remainder, and the remainder thus.'

Having taken his seat at the dinner-table in company with his fellow boarders, he was the first to be asked—being the most distinguished individual present—if he would commence his meal with soup: he answered in the affirmative, and was helped accordingly. The same question being put to the rest of the company, they all preferred something solid, pork or beef, both of which were on the table. The doctor by this time had cooled his soup, and shovelled in a spoonful or two, but no sooner did he discover that he was solus in the soup business, than an *insuperable* objection arose in his mind to continue his spoon exercise.—Aware that in consequence of his overbearing impudence, and unparalleled and disgusting egotism, he had rendered himself obnoxious to every living thing in the house, his organ of Cautiousness became alarmed, and he gazed upon his dish as though it were—

'Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.'

He eyed his spoon with an expression not unlike that of the 'cream fac'd loon' of whom Macbeth enquires—

'Where got'st thou that goose look?'

His host who saw

'fear and sad distrust
Govern the motions of his kingly eye,'

enquired with 'a countenance more in sorrow than in anger,' if he feared his soup? I do, said the terrified operator; I will not run the risk of eating soup alone.' A smile of contempt passed round the table, as the host himself called for soup and thus recon ciled the victim of a half a dozen Goliahs and three dozen associates, to his rejected beverage, which he gobbled with a gusto indicating a perfect satisfaction of the organ of Alimentiveness.

Thus was the great oculist to four sovereigns and his holiness distilled almost to a jelly with the act of four lest he had swallowed a pound of arsenic in a spoonful or two of mutton broth. As the learned doctor can misquote Shakspeare as well as Scripture, I would recommend to his attention the following lines from the former—

'Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.'

GOLIAH.

[A true bill the above. We have got an eye on the Dr. that needs no tinkering.]

Mr Editor—I perceive the disgusting notices of Oculist Williams, continue, and among his profane and blasphemous assertions, I noticed one, 'our Savior was also persecuted'—placing himself on similar ground as to his connection with earth. I think it may in truth be said of this quack, as was said by a late Reverend gentleman in Dedham, of a man in that place who had become obnoxious—that 'in one respect, and in none other, he resembled our Savior, that is, he seemed to be hated and despised by all men.'

BROOKS'S LETTERS—ROUSSEAU.

We regret to find in the passing remarks of Brooks, our fellow countryman, now in Switzerland, an evident admiration of the celebrated French infidel, Rousseau. How a man of Brooks's apparent natural dignity of mind, and elevated cast of thought can contemplate, with any degree of complacency, the writings of that notorious sensualist and debauchee, speaking as they continually do, the character and sentiments of the author, is to us a wonder. But it appears to be 'a fashion' among most of our countrymen abroad, to speak of the memory of Rousseau as they would of that of a nobler and a better man, forgetful of the evil his writings have done, and the baleful influence of his sentiments upon society. But we trust the time is not far distant when the writings of Rousseau will be looked upon with the contempt they deserve, and the pure in heart, and the lofty in intellect will regard with abhorrence his very name, as that of a viper that would have preyed upon the very heart-strings of human happiness.

But especially does it become the duty of every noble-minded woman to use her influence against the works of that miserable man who sought by the envenomed shaft of slander, to wound the reputation of the sex for virtue and sound principles. But to use a vulgar adage, 'every puppy has his day.' and Rousseau has undoubtedly had his, and were-joice that it has *passed*, and that the tone of morality is so changed that the lie is thrown in the face of his insulting and presumptuous remark, that 'the woman who read even one page in his Heloise was lost.' Could he look back now, he would see many who had read his Heloise, and

'Read to doubt, and read to scorn'

His Emilius, and his Confessions are now books but rarely seen, and we believe, still more rarely read, and we could wish that at least, that no *American* hand would try for a moment to prevent the name, and the writings of Rousseau from sinking into the deep waters of oblivion.

Genevieve.

THE DRAMA.

Secret Service—is the title of the only new piece which has been played this week, and it is one of the most excellent little affairs we have seen for a long time. A poor simple-hearted French Curate (Johnson) on whose head are the snows of sixty-eight winters, loses his curacy in the time of the First Consulate and comes to Paris, to reside with a neice. Fouche, minister of Police, was at first time his pupil, and the old curate finding out that his neice has pledged a little cross which her mother gave her for his support, and determines to apply to the minister.—The minister comes in and orders his deputy to give the curate a place. He is accordingly ordered to dine at the best houses and frequent the best company, &c. being no less than a spy. He is totally unconscious of the nature of his situation, and considers twenty louis d'ors a day for living well and associating with great men too good pay.—The double entendres arising from his simplicity, make up the amusement of the piece. Johnson in the old curate, won new laurels. It is not exactly in his line, but he portrayed the openheartedness of the old man to the perfect satisfaction of the audience. Bostonians must enjoy his acting as much as possible for the remainder of the season, as he certainly leaves the city at the end of it—and when half of our excellent stock company has gone, we shall then appreciate their talents, and be able to feel the loss. Johnson is universally allowed to have but one rival in his line in this country—Placide of New York—but discouraged at the little favor shown him when he puts up his name for a slight reward from the public, he has rightly resolved to accept one of the fine offers from other places and bid adieu.

To return to Secret Service. Gilbert much assisted the piece by his peculiar air and manner of speech. We surmise that he intended to imitate somewhat a certain general somewhat famous twenty years ago—and if so, the thought was a happy one—for the quickness of speech, and rapidity of thought manifested by the same, were characteristic of a man exercising the duties of Minister of Police. Mrs Smith was admirable in the good-hearted niece, and Mr Lewis excellent in the deputy.

By the by, why was this piece, good as it is, given to the audience without any puff preliminary on the bills which the public from custom expect before a new play—while Mr Tibbs was announced top and bottom for a week? and not possessing half the intrinsic merits? It's none of our business, we know, but it looks strange.

On Wednesday, the Manager's benefit, the Rent Day and the Jewess were played to a full house—and deservedly too—for beside the sterling attraction of the bill, Mr Barry has in the Jewess, shown his exertions to be worthy of reward.

Crafts, the box-keeper has a benefit on Monday and Wallack will play. Crafts is a *star* in his line—as much so as many worthies who tread the boards;—and ever at his post.

The Warren. Mrs Anderson (late Miss Pelby) has been playing her round of characters this week. We regret that we have been unable to listen to her performances—but undoubtedly the same characteristics have signalized them which have made her so popular heretofore.

Chit-chat. Cooper, his daughter, Mrs Drake and Charles Eaton, are in Cincinnati—the Woods at Philadelphia—Abbott and Balls at the Park—the Jewess still runs at the Bowery—Celeste at Washington—Hackett at the Walnut street Philadelphia.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The works of Lord Byron—Including his letters, &c. Six volumns will complete this work of which two have been already issued. It forms a portion of the Library of Standard Literature now being published by Geo. Dearborn, New York, and from its unsurpassed mechanical execution, convenient arrangment, and cheapness withal, must be an ornament to every gentlemens' Library. We have before spoken of the excellent style which characterises Mr Dearborn's publications as exemplified in the new monthly, and to those who have read that periodical, we need only say that in the Library of Standard Literature is the same typographical perfection which adorns that magazine. Mr Dearborn has evidently an eye to the honor of Literature, as well as to the promotion of his own interest.

This edition of Byron forms a medium between the seventeen volumes of the English edition and the large single volume published some years ago by Mr D. While much expense from too great a number of volumes is avoided, inconvenience from a book of unwieldy size is also prevented. Elegant plates accompany each volume with a beautifully engraved title page.

We beg our readers, who wish to obtain standard works printed in a manner in no wise inferior to the best English editions, to step into Otis, Broaders & Co's, 147 Washington st, who are the exclusive agents for all Mr Dearborn's works, and examine this copy of Byron and they will find from ocular demonstration, that the praise we have awarded this publisher is every whit deserved.

Rienzi, Vol. V. of the Harpers' uniform series of Bulwer, is on our table, from Russell, Shattuck & Co. Two plates adorn the work. The first is a view of Rienzi as he reins in his horse by the body of the young Colonna; and was, we should think, much hurried, and might have been made more beautiful; the other, Montreal sitting on a bank with Adeline, beneath his towers, we like better. Elegant binding recommends the series.

Blackwood: Nos. I and II of the second American edition. Theodore Foster's re-publication.

The competition among our publishers now seems to be, not only which shall make the most money, but which shall most advance the cause of literature by valuable publications. We have above spoken of two works by different publishers which bespeak their enterprize; and now comes Foster, introducing us to the English Magazines, and even to the old face on Blackwood's cover, which gives it the finishing touch. Such a succession of praiseworthy issues crowds upon us, that we are, if possible tired of being obliged to praise, and anxiously wait for an opportunity to expend some severity, so long necessarily repressed. There is no opportunity here, however. Blackwood's Magazine, now conducted by Professor Wilson, needs no recommendation for its intrinsic merits, and verily the cheapness of the re-publication, removes the last drawback to its success. We are *American* in our views of literature but while we would encourage American works, we cannot withhold due praise from sterling English publications. This work may be found on Otis, Broaders & Co's counter, by which first Mr Foster is immediately represented in Boston.

Metropolitan—from the same publisher and agent, Marryat is the editor. There are some who do not like him—but there are ten to one who do; and many of his best productions, which are seized on with avidity when they appear in a volume, are first given to the world in the Metropolitan.

Parents Assistant, by Miss Edgeworth. N. York, Harper & Brothers; Boston, B. B. Mussey, 29 Cornhill. This is the second issue of the Harpers' uniform edition of Miss Edgeworth's juvenile works, beautifully got up. We noticed the first more at length. But what need? Does Miss Edgeworth require recommendation? What child has not read her Parent's Assistant?

Lady's Book.—Louis A. Godey, Phil.—An excellent No. for those who love to see pictures—however, we could cut as good ones, in many respects, from any newspaper. Rogers and Coleridge would expire with horror were they to see the monstrous caricatures of themselves

on the state of the Union, on the bill establising the territorial government of Ouisconsin. The committee rose reported the bill to the House.

The House resumed the consideration of the Naval Appropriation Bill.

Mr White, of Florida, renewed his amendments, proposed in committee of the Whole, for appropriations for the navy yard at Pensacola. The amendment was adopted.

Mr Lane, of Indiana, renewed the motion made by Mr Bell, in committee, to strike out the appropriation of $66,000 for improvements and necessary repairs in the navy yard of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The motion was rejected.

The question then recurred on ordering the bill to be engrossed for a third reading:—which motion prevailed: and the bill was ordered to a third reading.

Friday, April 8.—*In Senate*—On' Friday, besides other business, a message was received from the President of the United States, enclosing reports from the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, in reply to a resolution of the Senate.

In the House.—The day was occupied until past two o'clock on the bill (which had passed the Senate) to establish the Territorial Government of Wisconsin; which bill was finally ordered to a third reading; and then passed, with a few slight amendments, which requires the concurrence of the Senate. The residue of the day's sitting was devoted to private bills.

Saturday, April 9.—*In Senate.*—Mr Cambreleng from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill remitting duties on goods destroyed by fire in the port of New York, which was twice read and committed.

Monday, April 11.—*In Senate.*—Mr Naudain presented the instructions of the Legislature of Delaware, against the expunging resolutions. A bill suspend so much of the act imposing discriminating duties as applies to the Portuguese Islands, and to reduce the duties on wines, was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

In the House.—Certain resolutions, passed by the Legislature of Maryland, protesting against the expungtion from the journals of the proceedings of either House of Congress, were read and laid over to Monday next.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

Monday, April 11.—*In Senate*—The Senate resumed the consideration of the Report of the Bank Investigating Committee, and the question being stated, it was determined in the affirmative. And said report was accepted in concurrence.

In the House—The bill in further regulation of licensed houses was read a second time: and the question being stated on passing to a third reading, it was decided in the negative.

The bill to prevent the introduction of foreign paupers, passed to be engrossed.

The bill to establish the Eastern Railroad Company was read a third time, amended, and passed to be engrossed—159 to 20.

Tuesday, April 21.—*In Senate.*—Pursuant to assignment, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the motion yesterday submitted by Mr. Parmenter.—'That the Report of the Bank Investigating Committee be committed to a special joint committee, with instructions to report a bill declaring the charters of the State Bank, and People's Bank, to be forfeit, and void.

The bill to authorize Banks to borrow money and issue post notes, was taken up, amended and passed to a third reading.

In the House.—The bill to provide for the better instructions of youth employed in manufacturing establishments, passed to a third reading.

Wednesday, April 13th.—*In Senate.*—Mr. Hastings, from the Committee on Agriculture, to whom were referred so much of the Governor's address as relates to the culture of Silk, and also an order of Jan. 21, relating to the culture of the Chinese Mulberry, reported that said committee ask to be discharged from the further consideration thereof—and the committee was discharged accordingly.

The bill authorizing Banks to borrow money, and issue post notes, passed to be engrossed in concurrence, as amended.

In the *House*—The vote whereby the House accepted the amendment yesterday proposed by Mr. Foster, of Brimfield, was reconsidered, and the question recurring on the passage thereof, it was decided in the negative. Mr. Green, of West Cambridge, moved the previous question, which was sustained. On motion of Mr. Richardson, of Boston, it was ordered that the question on the passage of the report, in concurrence with the Senate, be taken by yeas and nays; and being so taken, it was decided in the affirmative.

Thursday, April 14—*In the Senate*—A resolve making a further appropriation for the survey of the Commonwealth, and a resolve relating the fortifications in Boston Harbor, passed to be engrossed.

A message was received from the House, proposing a Convention of the two branches, at 11 o'clock tomorrow for the purpose of choosing three Directors, on the part of the commonwealth, of the Western Railroad—which was agreed to.

In the House.—The following Message was received from the Governor:

To the Senate and House of Representatives.

Two branches of the Legislature are respectfully informed, that the provisions of the act of the 4th inst., authorized a subscription for ten thousand shares in the capital stock of the Western Rail Road Corporation, have been duly accepted by that body. The subscription having been made by the Treasurer of the Commonwealth, as authorized by the act, nothing remains, in order to complete the organization of the corporation, but the election of three directors on the part of the Commonwealth, by joint ballot of the two Houses.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Council of Chamber, April 14, 1836.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CITY AFFAIRS.

In Board of Aldermen, on Monday, Samuel Norwood, Henry Bass, and Thomas Jekson, were chosen permanent assessors.

Resolve passed to widen Franklin street.

Orders passed to pave the new parts of Broad street—to pave Commercial street between Lewis's wharf and the Marine Railway, and to continue the paveing in Front street.

The Board concured with the Common Counsil in the acceptance of the report of the Committee providing that an iron fence be constructed around the Common providing that one third of the expence be paid by individuals and others.

Petition of Isaac K. Wise and others, to have the bells rung at sunrise. Referred.

An order passed, directing that no dirt or substance of any nature be allowed to be deposited on any of the City lands West of Charles street, except by the carts employed by the City, and that the drivers of said carts be directed not to receive or deposite on said land any vegetables, or other substances usually taken by the Scavengors.

A letter was received from Francis Dana, resigning the office of Overseer of Ward No. 3.

Naval.—The U. S. schr. Grampus, Lt. Com. Boardman, bound to the West Indies, went to sea from Hampton Roads on Friday morning last, and after proceeding to the edge of the Gulph, sprung a leak, which compelled her to return. She anchored in Hampton Roads on Saturday, and will come up first fair wind.—*Norfolk Bacon.*

Fire.—The baggage car on the Providence Rail Road was discovered to be on fire, on Tuesday, when the train was within about seven miles of the Providence depot. About half of the baggage of 150 passengers, together with the newspaper mail of New York, were destroyed. The letter mail was saved. It is doubtful whether the fire caught by a spark from the engine, or from spontaneous combustion.

Florida War.—Gen. Scott left Fort Drane, for the battle ground at Withlacoochee, March 26th, with 2200 men.

The force at Volusia, under General Eustis, March 22d, was 750 mounted riflemen, and about 1000 foot.—They commenced crossing that day, on which occasion a sharp encounter took place on the west side of the St. Johns.

Our troops lost 3, killed.

The Indians must have suffered severely, from the numerous trials of blood, which were seen on the ground, and our informant states that flocks of buzzards are seen in the swamp.

The bodies of five Indians which were thrown into the river were found the next day, among them the body of Euchee Billy, a chief, was recognized.

Gen. Pope and staff, from Georgia, have arrived at Picolata. A battalion of cavalry, from the same state, were expected there April 1st.

Gen. Scott's intention, if he did not find the Seminoles on reaching the Withlacoochee, was, we learn, to push on into the heart of the nation.

By a letter in the National Intelligencer, from an officer of Gen. Eustis's brigade, dated Vollusia, March 25th, we learn that this officer had not left that post.—We are gratified, however, to learn that Col. Butler, with his cavalry, had returned in safety to camp, and that the brigade was to set out for the Withlacoochee, on the 26th, taking with them 10 days provisions.

A boy was run over by a chaise, and had his shoulder dislocated in Charlestown, on Wednesday.

Columbia, S. C. April 1.—Mail Robbery.—Some villain, connected most probably with the transportation of the Mail, has been successfully extracting the letter packages from the Mail bag, on the route between this place and Charleston.

One of Col. Stevens's Turf Horses, valued at $5000, jumped overboard from the Hoboken ferry boat, a few days since, and was drowned.

The Bangoreans have been blowing up ice with gunpowder—they broke up about six acres of ice with 30 pounds of powder.

The New York papers estimate the number of petty thieves who perambulate their streets daily at one thousand.

Many of the Masons have struck to-day for higher wages. They could not have selected a better time, as there are many more hands here than could find employment, even at the old prices.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

A Horrid Tragedy. It has become our painful duty to relate one of the most shocking occurrences that has ever happened in our community. A man by the name of Ball, who, we are informed, has been absent from his family during the last two years, lately returned to this city, and in consequence of his abuse of his wife and children, was confined in Jail, from whence he was librated a few days since, on the promise that he would immediately leave Providence. This promise, however, he neglected to fulfil, and on Monday last, in a state of intoxication, he again visited his family, and treated his children with so great rudeness, that they sent for their mother, who was employed at a neighbor's house. She came to the protection of her children, several of whom are very small, and endeavouring in vain to suppress his inhuman conduct, she attempted to force him out of doors. While engaged in this attempt to put him out of the house, he drew a knife and made two desperate stabs at her body, each of which inflicted a deep wound, the latter ripping open her abdomen so that her bowels immediately gushed out. In this condition, supporting her bowels upon her hands, she ran through the street for succor. The cold blooded fiend went away to the house of a relative, where he borrowed a razor, and after sharpening it, made a cowardly and unsuccessful attempt to cut his own throat, inflicting a wound which is by no means dangerous.

The unfortunate woman is still living, but probably will not long survive. She is the mother of nine children and sustains an excellent character in the neighborhood where she lives.

The inhuman monster has since been lodged in jail to await his trial and the penalty due his crime. He says he only regrets that he had not killed his wife and also a son and a daughter, against whom he indulges the most envenomed hate. We understand he is between fifty and sixty years of age.—*Providence Journal.*

Suicide.—Mr. George Day, of this town, about 25 years of age, a carpenter by trade, committed suicide on Monday, by shooting himself with a gun, in his chamber.—*Worcester Palladium.*

One of the New York watchmen, named Luber, has died of the wounds received during the fight which took place at the arrest of Chichester, and two or three of his gang.

Despatch.—Schr. Fancy, Chase, (of the New York Line) arrived at this port on Friday, at 5, P. M. with a full cargo of different kinds of merchandize. She discharged, took on board another full cargo, and cleared at 5 P. M. on Saturday.

The dam across the Tonowanda creek, at Buffalo, and the toll bridge below, were carried away on the 4th, by the pressure of the water, which is higher than at any previous time since the completion of the dam. Two canl boats, and immense quantities of round and square timber, were also carried down the creek and lost.

The house of J. Davenport, No. 115, Purchase street, was entered on Monday evening last, by some villian, and a number of articles abstracted therefrom. We have heard of several robberies of this kind during the past week. Three coats were taken from the entry of a house in Hamilton street, before 8 o'clock in the evening.

The steamboats Lexington and Bunker Hill, are running between Hartford and N. York.

The salary allowed to the Cashier of the Citizens' Bank, at New Orleans, (*Mr. J. B. Perrault*) is $13,000, which with his house, &c. will be equal to $15,000 per annum. There is no State in the Union where so high salaries are given as in Louisiana.

Fire.—The dwelling house of Mr. S. Richardson, in Woburn, was destroyed by fire on Thursday morning. Loss about $800.

The trial of Joseph Carter, self-styled, or with malicious purposes styled, *Reverend*—though not a clergyman of any denomination, has occupied the Sessions Court for two days. The alledged offence was, an assault with evil designs on a Mrs Griffin: the jury after a long investigation, which has no *decent* interest, found a verdict of simple *assult and battery.*—*N. Y. American.*

Michael Morney and John Corrigan had a rum-fight in Montpelier, Vt., on the 2d inst., in the course of which the former struck the latter with a bludgeon, and wounded him so severely that he died the next morning.

Mr. Charles Wright, son of Caleb Wright, Grocer, at the corner of Chamber and Cambridge streets, was found in his father's store on Thursday morning, hanging by the neck, dead. No cause is assigned for the suicide.—*Transcript.*

Fire.—On Sunday morning, about 4 o'clock, a fire broke out in the Ship Chandlery Store of Mr. Henry Sargent, corner of Broad street and India wharf, which was destroyed with its contents, valued at about $3500. Insured—$3000 at the Merchants' Office. The adjoining store, occupied by Mr. Francis Lincoln, leather dealer, was injured to the value of a few hundred dollars: insured.

Mills Burnt.—Two new saw-mills, owned by Messrs E. & S. Smith, situated on the Shadrips Falls, at Oldtown, were burnt down on Friday afternoon.—Loss $3500—no insurance.—*Bangor Aus.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, James Spare to Ruth Titcomb; Albert G. Bradstreet, Esq. of Chicago, Illinois, to Lydia B. Stearns; Daniel Goodnow to Ann B. Doggett; Gardiner C. Whiting to Margaret A. Beck; Ezra H. Wright to Mary Jane Wheeler, of Portland; Alanson Follansbee to Calesta Ann Kinstry; David White, to Adeline White.

At South Boston, Benjamin H. Tubbs to Aspacia P. E Pitman; Wm C. Fisk, Esq. of this city, to Louisa F. Merrill of Nobleboro', Me.

At Charlestown, James Clinton, of Philapelphia, to Sophronia D. Stickney.

At Chelsea, Samuel C. Cheeney to Mrs Mary E. Woods, daughter of the late James Dorety, of this city

At Newton, Isaac Kingsbury to Mary Ann Homer, of this city.

At Watertown, Rodney G. Fuller to Sarah Ann Maria Hayward.

At Waltham, William A. Greenwood, of this city, to Martha Green.

At Weymouth, Wm Tucker to Eliza Maria Clapp.

At Providence, George L. Nottage, Jr. formerly of this city, to Amy Cornelia D. Miller.

At Portland, Benjamin H. Barnes, of this city, to Amy Cornelia D. Miller.

DEATHS.

In this city, Samuel Daggett, Gunner U. S. Navy, formerly of Newburyport, 46; Miss Elizabeth Gleason, 19; Miss Frances L. Childs, 23; Sylvester T. Goss, 38; Mrs Hannah Longhurst, 68.

STOLEN

FROM House No 115 Purchase street, on Monday evening, a coat and pantaloons, box of combs, pair of boots, some worn, together with a pocket book, containing one share Lynn India Rubber Co, with numerous small notes payable to John Davenport and Davenport & Goodwin, of no use to any but the owner. Any person giving any information of the above, will be suitably rewarded o leaving them at 115 Purchase street. april 9

Rich Silks.

E. F. NEWHALL, 179 Washington street, has just received, 3 cases *SILKS*, comprising a full assortment of large and small figured, both sides alike—new styles figured and plaided, very rich—jet and blue blacks, some extra super quality—a great variety of plain colors, some 3-4 wide.

Bonnet Satins and other desirable *Silk Goods*, at moderate prices.

Purchasers are invited to examine them. april 2

SHEPHERD, OLIVER & CO.

TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water Street, 2 doors from Washington St.

KEEPS for sale, all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

A large discount made for cash. april 4

REMOVAL.

NEW GOODS.

Wm. H. Wilson & Co.

HAVE removed from No 23 to No 21 State-street, up stairs (directly over the Projection Insurance Office).

W. H. W. & Co take this opportunity to acknowledge their obligations to their friends and customers, for the liberal patronage they have received, and would inform them that their stock contains as good an assortment of staple and fashionable goods as can be found in any Tailoring establishment in this city, which they will make up in the most thorough and fashionable manner, and at reasonable prices. They would also state to the public that their prices *are fixed*, and in no instance will a less price be taken for an article than the one first asked.

Experience has proved to W. H. W. & Co's satisfaction that this is the best course, as it saves time—which is money—and establishes confidence between buyer and seller. feb 6 4wis

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GALL'S Works on the functions of the Brain, and of each of its parts, with observations on the possibility of determining the instincts, propensities and intents, of the moral and intellectual dispositions of men and animals by the configuration of the brain and head. In six vols. Translated from the French by Winslow Lewis, Jr. M. D.

Peter Simple, or Adventures of a Midshipman, and Jacob Faithful, or Adventures of a Waterman; a uniform edition; price 37 1-2 cents each.

Japhet in Search of a Father: by Capt Marryatt; complete in 1 volume.

Rienzi the Last of the Tribunes: by E. L. Bulwer.

For sale by *Marsh, Capen & Lyon*, 133 Washington street. mar 19

Fresh Stationary.

30 CASES of English and French Staple and Fancy Stationary, comprising a very complete assortment, just received.

Also—on hand a large supply of Account Books—Morocco Work—Dressing, Writing and Banker's Cases—Bill Books—Manifold Letter Writer—Portable Desks—wood Boxes—Travelling Desks—Portfolios—Writing papers—Metallic Pens and Quills, with every variety of articles in the line—adapted for the coping trade. At wholesale and retail on favorable terms, by *JOHN MARSH*, 77 Washington st, Joy's building. 4wis april 9

Metalic Pens and Quills.

A LARGE assortment of Metallic Pens of the most approved kinds, with several entirely new Patterns. Also a fresh supply of English pressed Quills, comprising all the different qualities with a small lot of extra large Dutch Quills. Just received by JOHN MARSH, No 77, Washington street, Joy's Building. 4wis april 9

New Music.

OVERTURE to *La Somnambula*, arranged by Chas Zenner—La Somnambula Quick Step—March and Quick Step from Fra Diavalo—O how Long the Day, a song on three notes by J. J. Rousseau—'My Heart's in the Highlands,' as sung by Mr Wood—'Deserted Wreek,' as sung by Mr Brough, music by G. J. Webb—No 5, Orpheus Lyre, 2d series, a collection of Glees, &c.—Boston and Bowkton Quadrilles—La Somnambula, do. &c. &c.

The above new pieces with many others are published and for sale at PARKER & DITSON, Dealers in Piano Fortes and Sheet Music, wholesale and retail, 107 Washington street.

In press—Free Bridge Quick Step and Bugle Waltz, as played by the Boston Brass Band. april 9

Bonnets! & Bonnet Trimmings

A LARGE assortment of Florences, plain and fancy STRAW BONNETS—two cases open work Gipsey Hats and Cottages, of fine quality, just opened. Also a choice selection of Plaid and Fashionable Ribbons—for sale at 287 Washington street, opposite Central Court. april 9 10t

Apprentice Wanted.

A SMART active LAD is wanted at this office, as an apprentice—one who has some knowledge of the business, would be preferred. april 9

Edinboro' Shawls.

ONE package new and splendid patterns, just opened by E. F. NEWHALL, april 9 179 Washington street.

Trotting Horse.

FOR sale a spirited Horse, 9 or 10 years old, first rate for gig or saddle and a very fast trotter—the present owner having no further use for him. Apply at this office. april 9

NEW WORKS.

BUBBLES, from the Brunnens of Nassau. By an Old Man.

Rome as a Christian Consolation, by the Rev E. S. Gannett.

For sale by *Marsh, Capen & Lyon*, 133 Washington street. april 9

New Spring Goods.

E. F. NEWHALL,

179, *Washington street, (near the Old South Church,)*

WILL open on Monday morning one package very splendid FRENCH MUSLINS, said to be the richest style in the market.

Large and small figured French Prints—new and neat styles of Jaconets—London Chintzes—Shawls—Linen Shirtings and Sheetings—plain and plaided white Goods—extra super black Silks—plain Silks, of all colors—new style rich figured Silks, and various other Goods.

☞ Just received from New York and will be sold at moderate prices. mar 26

PROSPECTUS OF THE

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE GALAXY has been published eighteen years.—The Nineteenth Volume will commence with the coming year and be conducted by

HENRY F. HARRINGTON,

Assisted by several popular and well known authors.

The columns of the paper will be mostly filled with

STERLING ORIGINAL ARTICLES:

Of which Tales, Poetry and Essays,—Notices of New Publications, and of the Times—Sketches of Foreign and Domestic Character and Scenery—Biographical Notices of eminent Individuals, and Letters from Correspondents, etc, will form prominent features.

The Publishers will endeavor as far as practicable to support American Literature and Character—to sustain a manly and unyielding criticism on Literature, Men and Manners and the Drama, without regard to friends or foes—to exercise a surveillance over all matters of local interest by exposing all nuisances and abuse to the public weal, and to handle Quackery under its various garbs, without gloves. This course, a rapid and continued accession of subscribers has already proved eminently popular and successful, the Galaxy promising soon to possess a larger list, than any weekly paper in this state. Determined therefore, still more to merit support and in furtherance, of a promise that the paper should increase in literary merit as it gained in public favor, the Publishers have engaged correspondents in several parts of our own country and in Europe.

In addition to which they offer Prizes—

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

As follows—Fifty Dollars for the best, and Twenty five Dollars for the second best TALE and Twenty-five for the best POEM. The subjects and length of the several articles to be at the option of the competitors.—Manuscripts can be directed to the Editor of the Galaxy, *post paid*, to June 1st, 1836, and the award will be made by a literary committee during the month following. The address of the writer should be enclosed in a sealed note marked 'Name,' and the direction of the successful authors *only* will be opened. All the manuscripts to be at the disposal of the publishers of the Galaxy.

TERMS. The Galaxy is published every Saturday at Three Dollars per annum in advance. Postmasters or others forwarding twelve dollars shall receive Five papers or a reasonable commission.

CONDON & CO.

32 Congress street, Boston.

November the 7th, 1835.

☞ To Editors of papers in the *New England States*, who copy the above, and occasionally our notices of Contents, we promise an exchange for one year, provided always that the Galaxy shall not be put on a reading-room file. We would not exact this, were it not that our exchange list is already a heavy tax, and the advantage wholly on the side of our country brethren.

New Publications.

THE *Edinburgh Phrenological Journal*, Nos. 45 and 46.

The American Quarterly Review, for April.

Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea, or historical narratives of the most noted calamities and providential deliverances from fire and famine on the ocean, &c. Compiled by Charles Ellms. A new and much improved edition, with 100 engravings.

For sale by *Marsh, Capen & Lyon*, 133 Washington street. april 2

J. W. CARTER,

DEALER in Wines and Liquors, W. I. Goods, Butter, Cheese, Fruit, Flour, &c. wholesale and retail.

Bottled Porter, Ale & Cider, at wholesale. } *Bromfield Street, near the Bromfield House.* } Roasted and Ground Coffee.

He also offers for sale a large Spring stock of Refined CIDER, by the barrel or in bottles, as low as it can be bought in the city.

☞ Sent to any part of the city free of expense.

march 12 6m

MR. PADDON,

NO. 340 WASHINGTON STREET.

sept 12 tf

ZOOLOGICAL

EXHIBITION.

THE Zoological Exhibition, in Union street, is now open day and evening. The Collection of

BEASTS AND BIRDS,

is much more extensive than any ever before exhibited in this city, and fills both the Upper and Lower Halls of the spacious building.

A large Anaconda from the Island of Java.

Mr Flint will enter the cages of the ferocious Animals at 4, P. M. and 8 in the evening. The Animals will be fed at half-past 8 o'clock in the evening.

Hours of Exhibition, from 10 A. M. to 12 M., from 1 to 4 1-2 P. M., and from 6 to 9 o'clock in the evening.

The large male Elephant will be brought into the circle at half-past 8 o'clock, P. M. dressed with his richly decorated saddle, thereby affording an opportunity to those who may wish to take a ride on this majestic Animal.

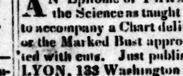
Admittance 25 cents; Children, under 10 years of age, half price.

☞ A limited number of Season Tickets for sale at the door. tf dec 19

United Line of Steamboats FOR PORTLAND.

THE new and elegant steamboat PORTLAND, Jabez Howes Jr Master, will commence her trips between Boston and Portland, Thursday, 31st inst, at 7 o'clock P. M. from Eastern steamboat Wharf (next north of Winnisimmet Ferry).—Leaving Boston Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 o'clock P. M. till further notice. Fare to Portland, $3 and found.

STEAMBOAT BANGOR.



THE favorite steamer BANGOR, Capt Howes, having been entirely refitted and put in perfect order, will commence her first trip for the season, on Friday, April 1st, and proceed to Frankfort.

The Bangor will leave Eastern Steamboat wharf, at the foot of Hanover street, Boston, on Friday, April 1, at 5 o'clock, P. M. for Portland. Will leave Portland for Frankfort, Saturday, April 2, at 6 o'clock, A. M. touching at Owl's Head, Saturday Cove and Bucksport. Returning, will leave Frankfort Tuesday morning, at 7 o'clock, A. M. and Portland on Wednesday morning, at 7 o'clock, A. M. Freight will be taken at the usual rates, and received on board March 31st. Fare from Boston to Portland, $3 and found; from Portland to Frankfort, $4 do.

Notice will be given when the Independence is ready to run between Boston and Portland, and the McDonough between Portland and Hallowell. For freight or passage apply on board or to ISAAC W. GOODRICH, Agent.

EASTERN STEAMBOAT WHARF.

☞ The Boston and Bangor Steamboat Company united with the Cumberland Steam Navigation Company have leased a wharf at the bottom of Hanover street, and will run their boats, BANGOR, PORTLAND and INDEPENDENCE from said Eastern Steamboat wharf as advertised.

I. W. GOODRICH.

march 26 eptf

Eastern Steam Boats.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Boston & Bangor Steam Boat Company and the Cumberland Steam Navigation Company, have formed a union for the ensuing season, which arrangement will conduce materially to the comfort and despatch of travellers on the Eastern Route. The steamboats Portland and Independence will ply between Portland and Boston, one boat leaving each place at 7 o'clock every evening of the week, except Sunday. In connexion with these the Bangor will make two trips a week between Portland and Bangor, and the McDonough three trips a week between Portland and Hallowell; leaving Portland immediately after the arrival of the Boston boats, and on their return arrive in season to connect with the boats for Boston, thus obviating the detention at Portland of former seasons.

The Independence and McDonough are to be materially improved. The Independence is to have a new stern, and keel, and her promenade deck cut down, and a Ladies' Cabin built—the McDonough is to have a new and improved engine, a new promenade deck and an enlarged cabin.

All the Boats will be put in thorough and complete order, will be provided with experienced Captains and Pilots and put on the route as soon as the season shall open.

MOSES KIMBALL,

Jan 9 Clerk B. & B. S. B. Company.

Shell Combs!

KIMBALL & CO,

No. 16, Hanover street,

HAVE finished a beautiful variety of TORTOISE SHELL COMBS, of every description; the wrought of splendid pattern and workmanship.

Also, an assortment of elegant Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.

☞ Silver Spoons, a great variety, and of the best manufacture—warranted good. 3t mar 19

PHRENOLOGY.

AN Epitome of Phrenology; being an outline of the Science as taught by Gall, Spurzheim and Combe, to accompany a Chart delineated according to this System, or the Marked Bust approved by Dr Spurzheim. Illustrated with cuts. Just published by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. jan 2

Rich Plaid Ribbons!

ONE case Plaid Ribbons, just received, of beautiful patterns and colors, Scarfs Embroidery, &c. Also, a great assortment of fine, plain and fancy Straw Bonnets and Gipsey Hats, for sale at No. 287 Washington street, opposite Central Court. 2mis mar 5

Chemical Compound.

THIS article stands unrivalled for cleansing *all kinds of Metals and Metalic Ware*, removing instantly spots and stains of every description, renewing the polish and giving it a most brilliant lustre; it likewise excels in removing rust from *polished Steel, Iron, &c.* at the same time the Ware or Metals receive no injury from friction or oxidation as is the case with preparations of emery or acid. For sale at MARSH'S, No 77, Washington street, Joy's Building. feb 27

French and English Chintzes.

A LARGE assortment of Winter Calicoes, selling off cheap by E. F. NEWHALL, dec 5 179 Washington street

Muslin Embroidery, cheap.

ONE case Embroidered Capes and Collars, much below former prices. Just received by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street, near the Old South Church. feb 27

Stock Frames, Buckles, &c.

STOCK Frames, Binding Skins and Buckles, for sale at KIMBALL'S 12 Washington street. june 6

Rodgers' Penknives.

A FRESH supply of the Genuine Rodgers' Penknives, some very rich patterns; also, Scissors and Razors, a prime assortment, for sale at MARSH'S, 77 Washington street, Joy's Building. mar 5

Account Books.

MERCHANTS can be supplied with full setts of superior Account Books, made in the modern style, at the lowest prices, by JOHN MARSH, 77 Washington st, Joy's Building.

N. B.—Account Books made to any desirable patterns, short notice. mar 5

SMALL FIGURED SILKS.

ONE case small figured English SILKS, various colors, at 62 1-2 cts per yard. Just received and for sale by E. F. NEWHALL, mar 26 179 Washington street.

Spring Prints—cheap.

ONE case Light London Prints, new patterns and *fast colors*, at 25 cts per yard. Just opened by E. F. NEWHALL, 179, Washington street. mar 5

Rich Paris Muslins.

ONE package Printed Muslins, of best quality, manufactured for the Paris trade—very splendid Goods—at a *moderate price*. Just received and for sale by E. F. NEWHALL, 179 Washington street. mar 12

French Muslins.

TWO cases splendid Muslins, at moderate prices.—Just received by E. F. NEWHALL, 179 Washington street, near the Old South Church. april 2

BOXING GLOVES,

FOR sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington-street. dec 5

BOAS! BOAS! BOAS!

THE subscriber has just opened a large lot of FUR BOAS of different qualities, which will be sold at very reasonable prices. Those in want of this desirable article for the approaching season, will do well to call at No. 40, Hanover street, under the American House. sept 19 istf GEORGE W. EDMANDS.

CORRECTED PROOFS.

BY H. Hastings Weld. For sale by *Marsh, Capen & Lyon*, 133 Washington street. feb 2

Hudson's Foreign Newspaper

AND PERIODICAL AGENCY AND FORWARDING OFFICE, corner of Wall and Water streets, New York.

The sole European Agent, *DR R. SHELTON MCKENZIE*, of Liverpool.

The subscriber having returned from Europe, is gratified in being able to announce to the merchants, editors of newspapers, and the public generally, that his arrangements for the above are now complete, and that he is now ready to receive orders to any extent, and for all foreign Newspapers and periodicals whatever, which can be delivered in this city or forwarded to any part of the country by mail, at the regular prices.

An arrangement has also been effected with the trade in Europe, so that all Miscellaneous works can be procured at the usual discount. A catalogue of upward of eleven hundred British publications has been received, and may be seen at the office.

DR R. SHELTON MCKENZIE of Liverpool has been appointed General Agent for Europe, the principal office being in Liverpool, with branches in London, Paris, Havre, Hamburg, and all the principal cities.

All necessary information will be given, on application to the office, (or by letter, post paid, addressed to Hudson's Foreign Agency, New York) where all orders will be executed with the utmost regularity and despatch.

ROBERT E. HUDSON.

N. B. Editors and publishers of Newspapers, Prices Current, Periodicals, &c. throughout the Union, are particularly requested to forward by mail, in a secure envelope one copy of their publication, (with a duplicate by a succeeding mail) that we may as early as possible complete our catalogue for the European editors.

Editors throughout the country would confer a favor by noticing the above.

HUDSON'S MERCHANTS' NEWS ROOM.

New York, Feb 20, 1836. march 5

To Builders and Contractors.

THE MAINE QUARRYING ASSOCIATION were organized on Saturday, March 25, 1836, with a capital of 250,000 Dollars.

Their officers for the present year are

JOHN NEAL,
DANIEL WINSLOW, } Managers.
FRANKLIN TINKHAM,
NATHANIEL MITCHELL, Treasurer.
WILLIAM CUTTER, Clerk.
PARKER CLEAVELAND, Mineralogist.

All of the City of Portland, Me. to either of whom, or to JOHN KINGSBURY, at the Quarry in Kennebunk-port, or to Messrs COCKS & CO. Stone Dealers and Contractors, corner of Watts and Washington streets, New York, application may be made.

Per order, WILLIAM CUTTER, Clerk.

P. S. The Eastern Argus, and Daily Courier, Portland; the New England Galaxy, and Boston Courier, Boston; the Courier and Enquirer, the Evening Star and the Journal of Commerce, all of New York; the United States Gazette, Philadelphia; the Gazette of Baltimore, and the New Orleans Bee, are requested to give the above three several insertions at intervals of one week, and forward their bills to the Managers.

Portland, March 30, 1836. april 9

Rodgers's Penknives.

A BEAUTIFUL assortment of real Rodgers & Sons' patent Penknives, of very rich quality. Also, a supply of very fine and high finished Razors, with every article of the 'finest touch' for the gentleman's toilet: For sale by JOHN MARSH, No 77 Washington st, Joy's Building. 4wis april 9

The Dyer Pocket Book Company

ARE constantly manufacturing and have for sale by JOHN MARSH, No 77 Washington street, Joy's Building:

Port Folios, various sizes and patterns, some of which are the most splendid ever manufactured in this country.

Dressing Cases; Roll-up Writing Cases;

Banker's Cases, with and without locks;

Bill Books, of approved patterns.

Also—Pocket Books, Wallets, Card Cases, Miniature Cases, Locket Cases, &c &c—with a large stock of low priced Calf and Sheep Pocket Books and Wallets, from other manufactories; the whole comprising the largest assortment to be had in this city, suited to the city and country trade, and will be sold by the quantity, on favorable terms. tf jan 9

DR HOWE'S ADDRESS.

AN Address delivered at the Anniversary Celebration of the Boston Phrenological Society, Dec. 28th, 1835. By S. G. Howe.

Sprague's Address, delivered before the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Dec. 22d, 1835.

For sale by *Marsh, Capen & Lyon*, 133 Washington treet. feb 20

NEW WORKS.

The Private Life of Gen. Lafayette. In 2 vols. with 45 engravings.

The Female Student, or *Lectures to Young Ladies on Female Education*. By Mrs Phelps, late Principal of Troy Female Seminary.

Miscellanies. In 2 vols. By Harriet Martineau.

Shaw's Architecture, 4th edition, revised and improved. This is an excellent work, containing 101 copperplate engravings, and worthy the attention of Mechanics generally.

The Way Mark—In which some of the terms of the Broad Road are pointed out.

'Make straight paths for your feet.'

Just published and for sale by *Marsh, Capen & Lyon*, 133 Washington street. mar 12

MATRESSES, *Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. &c.*

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO.

No. 18 UNION STREET.

HAVE on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.

Also, on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c. which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms. june 72

Copartnership Notice.

SAM'L HARRIS, would inform the public that he has this day taken into Copartnership Mr DAN'L. JONES. The business hereafter will be transacted under the firm of Harris & Jones.

SAMUEL HARRIS.
DANIEL JONES.

H. & J. will carry on the business of Shipwrights and Caulkers, at the wharf next south of Foster's wharf. A share of public patronage is solicited, and the smallest favors gratefully acknowledged.

Boston, March 1, 1836. 4w march 5

ACCOUNT BOOKS, &c. &c.

JOHN MARSH,

No. 77 Washington Street, Joy's Building.

HAS on hand a prime assortment of Account Books of Russia and Russet Binding, with patent spring backs—Also, a variety of smaller Account, Memorandum and Writing Books, Notes and Bills, Note and Receipt Books—Trunk Books or Banker's Cases, Portfolios, Manifold Letter Writer, &c.

English satin surface Letter and Note Paper, Foliopost and thin do for the copying press—black and red Ink, Japan do—sealing Wax, Wafers, with a large assortment of the most approved Metallic Pens.

Account Books furnished to order. Cards and Blank printed at short notice. istf jan 9

Improvement on Dental Surgery

DR. B. T. PRESCOTT,

CONTINUES to perform all the necessary operations on the TEETH, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting the *mineral or Incorruptible Teeth* on gold plate, as recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

Persons requiring operations on the Teeth, will please call and see specimens at office, corner of Manover and Portland streets. 3mis dec 19

Cheap Linens.

TWO cases *fine and low priced* Linens, grass bleach of the best fabric for family use. Just received and for sale low by piece or yard, by E. E. NEWHALL, 199 Washington street. feb 27

Washington Harmony.

A COLLECTION of Sacred Music, original and selected. By Thomas B. White and Edward L. White. For sale by *Marsh, Capen & Lyon*, 133 Washington street, feb 27

WASH LEATHER SUITS,

FOR sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. dec

Linens,

PARTICULARLY Cheap—warranted pure—just received by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street. mar 12

ACCORDIONS,

WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by JOSEPH L. BATES

march 21 6 Courtstreet near Washington st.

The Hollis Granite Company.

INCORPORATED with a Capital of Three Hundred Thousand Dollars, having organized on Thursday, April 7th, A. D. 1836, elected for officers the ensuing year:—

JOHN NEAL, of Portland, Me. *President.*
JOHN B. CROSS "
DANIEL WINSLOW, "
GEORGE PURINTON, "
JAMES WATSON WEBB, of N. York, } *Managers.*
CHARLES F. MAYER, of Baltimore,
GEORGE W. COOLEY, of Bangor,
WILLIAM CUTTER, of Portland, Me. *Treasurer.*
PARKER CLEAVELAND, of Bowdoin College, Me. } *Mineralogist.*
DAVID C. STACKPOLE, *Clerk.*
JOHN KINGSBURY, of

SELECTED POETRY.

WOMAN'S FIDELITY.

[FROM THE SPANISH.]

One eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the streams of Guadalquiver,
To gold converting, one by one,
The ripples of the mighty river.
Beside me on the bank was seated,
A Seville girl with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated—
A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair!

She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand,
I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing.
Her words were three, and not one more—
What could Diana's motto be?
The Siren wrote upon the shore—
'Death, not inconstancy!'

CHURCHES IN BOSTON.

Names.	Pastors.	Location.
	UNITARIAN.	
First Church,	N. L. Frothingham	Chauncey Place.
Second "	Chandler Robbins,	Hanover street.
King's Chapel,	F.W.P.Greenwood	Tremont "
Brattle St. Church,	Sam'l K. Lothrop,	Brattle "
New North "	Francis Parkman,	Hanover "
New South "	Alexander Young,	Summer "
Hollis St. "	John Pierpont,	Hollis "
Federal St. "	W. E. Channing, E. S. Gannett.	Federal "
West "	Charles Lowell,	Lynde "
Twelfth Cong."	Samuel Barrett,	Chambers "
Purchase St. "	George Ripley,	Purchase "
South Cong. "	Mellish I. Motte,	Washington "
South Boston "	Lemuel Capen,	South Boston.
	CALVINIST.	
Old South Church,	Sam'l H. Stearns,	Washington street.
Essex Street "	Nehemiah Adams,	Essex "
Park "	———	Tremont "
Mariners' "	Daniel M. Lord,	Purchase "
Green Street "	William Jenks,	Green "
Bowdoin "	Hubbard Winslow,	Bowdoin "
Second Cong. "	Joy H. Fairchild,	South Boston.
Salem Street "	Geo. W. Blagden,	Salem street.
Pine "	Artemas Boies,	Washington "
Free "	———	Milk "
Odeon,	Wm M. Rogers,	Federal "
	EPISCOPAL.	
Christ Church,	William Croswell,	Salem street.
Trinity "	J. M. Wainwright,	Summer "
St Matthew's"	H. L. Connelly,	South Boston.
St Paul's "	John S. Stone,	Tremont street.
Grace "	Zachariah Mead,	Amory Hall.
City Mission Chap.	Asa Eaton,	Washington street.
	BAPTIST.	
Second Baptist Ch.	Baron Stow,	Salem street.
Charles Street "	Daniel Sharp,	Charles "
Federal "	George B. Ide,	Federal "
First Baptist "	William Hague,	Hanover "
Baptist "	———	South Boston.
African Baptist "	John Given,	Belknap street.
Christian Society,	Joshua V. Himes,	Summer "
	METHODIST.	
First Method. Ch.	Daniel Fillemore,	North Bennet stree
Second "	John Lindsey,	Bromfield "
Third "	Abel Stevens,	Piedmont "
Bethel "	E. T. Taylor.	North square.
African Chapel.	Sam'l Snowdon,	May street.
	UNIVERSALIST.	
First Uni. Church.	Sebastian Streeter,	Hanover street.
Second "	Hosea Ballou,	School "
Central "	Paul Dean,	Bulfinch "
Fourth "	Benj. Whittemore,	South Boston
Fifth "	———	Boylston Hall.
	ROMAN CATHOLIC.	
Holy Cross Ch.	Bishop Fenwick, William Tyler, Michael Healey, John Curtyn,	Franklin street.
North Cath. Ch.	———	Pond street.
	SWEDENBORGIAN.	
New Jerusalem Ch.	Thos Worcester,	Phillips Place.
	FRIENDS.	
First Society,	———	Milton Place.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

BROOKS'S LETTERS.

No I.

Walks upon the Mountains.—Visit to St. Bernard.

MARTIGNY, September 13, 1835.

We made '*a rise*,'—'*boned*,' some sticks,—I was not '*funk*,'—and *immediately* we finished our breakfast—by the *holy poker!* like *rum chaps*, though my heart *rasped well* from yesterday's assent for Martigny over a *beastly* path by the *Col de Balme*. Stop, stop, friends of mine—don't scold—for this is no English of a wandering Yankee, but the English of my most agreeable English companion, who will insist upon it that we Americans do not speak English, because Basil Hall has told him so—to say nothing of Mrs. Hamilton and Co. You ask a translation, perhaps of these phrases that I have grouped—not used thus all at once to be sure, but phrases ever in his mouth, and he has had the best education that Oxford could give him, or a parent's kindness and wealth bestow, and in every respect I find him to be an English gentleman, but I cannot suffer him or any of his countrymen to amuse themselves with American English, without making a little *flare-up* (another phrase of his) for myself. To make a *rise* then, is to inquire out the road. To *bone* a stick, is to commit a little larceny upon a peasant's pile of wood. To be *funk* is to be afraid. A *rasping* heart is a heart that beats over quick;—but *rasping* in England is used for every thing of the kind. And as for the *holy poker*, *rum chaps*, and that favourite English adjective *beastly*, the use will explain the meaning. A *rum* chap is what Yankees call a *cute feller*. A *flare-up* is a *kick up*, and he who does not know what a *kick up* means—why, what an ignoramus he must be! He can find out at any husking frolic in the State of Maine.

Learning from our experience that guides were not so necessary as is represented, we left the town of La Prieure, better known by the name of Chamouni, and started for Martigny, in French, and Martinarch in German—the Octodorus of the Romans. The route we chose was over the Col de Balme, a lusty Alp of magnificent altitude, the longest and the worst way we could have chosen,—but the more mountains a man climbs in Switzerland, the more brilliant his 'blaze of glory.'—The narrow valley of the Chamouni to the base of the Col de Balme, is full of little villages, churches, crosses, chalets, or mountain houses for the cattle, glaciers, rocks, precipices, streams—in short, it is thick with the grandeur of Alpine scenery. On many of the crosses one reads in French, that Monseigneur, the King, accords forty days of indulgence to all the faithful, who, contrite and humble, strike themselves upon the breast, and three times say, 'My God have pity on me.' What kind of indulgence is this? Of the next priest whom I meet, I will ask the question. The first view I had of these crosses on the Rhine, and of our Savior's image stretched upon them in dying agony—planted all along the road as they are,—excited in me only a feeling of ridicule,—but I have got over that prejudice, and I am not so sure now that they are not calculated to do a vast deal of good, and to keep alive in the multitude an ever vivid impression of religious obligation;—and sure I am, that in the catholic cantons of Switzerland, there is no mockery in the tribute of homage so often paid to Christianity, but that the hearts of the people respond to the outward devotion they exhibit. But the indulgence, the forty days of indulgence—how?—in what?—who can tell me? If it be indulgence in 'sin', which I do not believe, I certainly shall think the fewer and the oftener prostrated the crosses are, the better for the people.

On we loitered, up the valley Arve, which when swollen by the mountain torrent, fills full wide its rocky bed, now admiring the grandeur of the misty mountains all around us, and now chatting as well as we could with the peasantry, who seem sensible and honest, and who are remarkably kind and civil to all strangers whom they meet, always lifting their hats, and bidding them 'good morning'—or, after a little acquaintance, wishing them a 'pleasant voyage.' Their language is a patois French, which, when they spoke among themselves, was all incomprehensible to me, but which one can understand passably well, when they direct their conversation to himself. The horrid goitrous swellings of the neck disfigure almost all the women, and make them appear hideously ugly. The currents of the mountain air, I am told, are the causes of them. Two thirds of the population who live in the valleys, are thus afflicted, while they who dwell upon the mountains, are exempted from such a sad infliction. After a three hours walk, we were at the base of the mountain, called the Col de Balme, when we immediately began its ascent. A guide met us, and attempted an alarm by melancholy stories of 'deep snows,' 'dangerous p ts,' &c. &c. But that was a *ruse* we so well understood, that we were far from being alarmed, particularly when we knew that there was a public house on the summit of the mountain. I should as soon think of a guide to teach me the way over the winter snows in my own native land—and snow is never a very alarming thing to a man bred and born amid storms of snow. The tops of the mountains were all white. Evidently there had been much snow on high, and with lively courage we began the approach toward it. The air was colder and colder the higher we went. Soon we passed the regions in which men make their dwellings. Anon we were in the *chalets*, or barns upon the mountains, where the Swiss peasantry shelter their cattle—dirty, narrow, pent-up holes one view of which is quite enough. The cattle were yet all around us, feeding upon the cold grass. Each had a huge bell upon his neck, and each of the separate flocks of forty, fifty or sixty, a peasant was guarding. Soon, then, we were in the melting snows, which became deeper and deeper every step we ascended, till, as we reached the summit, we were floundering in drifts of snow and wallowing here and there, over rocks, and into broken paths, in most amusing attitudes. The ascent was the most painful I ever made in my life. The wild wind and snow were falling on my face, and the current of air was almost as difficult to overcome as the depth of the snow. How happy then, was I, when seated before a warm fire in the tavern; What a little paradise upon the mountain top! I looked out of the window to enjoy the fine view that the valley of Chamouni, and Mont Blanc *were* here to present—but alas! all I saw was snow below, and snow above, and snow on every side! The most delicious *stew* I had, was of our little rough table, with bread, and cheese, and honey upon it, and, most of all, the inspiring bottle of wine. Ye cider drinkers, do not reprove me for so often mentioning *the* bottle of wine; for wine is here as cider with you, only softer, better, and more harmless, and costing but little more than your cheap drink costs you. The drinkers of Madeira and claret in America do not know the luxury and harmlessness of such wine drinking here,—and henceforth and forever, I shall think the better of Horace and the Italian poets, who extoled the juice of the Tralernian grape, though not as yet have I had a view of glorious Italy.

Four Germans on foot soon met us in our little tavern—and they had come from the other side of *Col de Balme*. One spoke English, and all spoke French, and soon we were happy acquaintances in these the regions of the air. Our host showed an abundance of little things for sale, such as the horns of the chamois, amethosts, agates, quartz, curious stones from Mont Blanc worked into seals, rings, &c. as tokens of remembrance of the visit we were paying to these uppermost regions. Our German friends showed us the way they came up, and we pointed out to them our way down—and then we parted—we floundering again through the snows but soon quitting them, and very soon again reaching the regions of vegetation where the cattle were grazing. To descend a mountain, no one need to be told, is an affair altogether different from the ascent—and we darted down like little avalanches, the rocks rolling after us, reckless of paths, till soon we found ourselves in a pent up valley all environed by mountains, where a few cattle were fed, the people seeming as if they themselves were but little advanced of the brutes in intellect or intellectual enjoyments, yet aimiable and obliging, and serving us with cups as they saw us drinking water in our hands from the mountain streams. Anon we ascended another hill called La Forclaz. On the top of this we met an Engishman, with his wife, and a boy of thirteen years perhaps, the father and the son upon mules, and the wife carried by eight Swiss in a chair suspended upon poles, making a very comfortable riding seat, all of whom had come from Chamouni, not our way, but by the valley called the *Jete Nour*, a shorter and a much easier route. For amusement's sake my English friend and myself summed up the comparative expenses of our two parties for the day. Our bill was about twenty cents, and his was full fifty dollars, while the poor wife of the Englishman was surrounded by the reeking perspiration of the eight Swiss, in danger from their every mistep, he and his son at the mercy of the mules, and we were happy pedestrains, flushing with spirits from the vigor of the exercise, soon outflying him, and dashing down the vale, and for an hour, the first lodged in a hotel where his money could command no better accommodations than ours. I mention these little things now and then as lessons to travellers. You can travel in Europe for a sum as small as you need in America, or you may exhaust a fortune, and be no happier than if you moved prudently along. In Switzerland the pedestrain is received as handsomely as the nobleman in his own coach not as in England with averted looks, for the whole country is full of gentlemen pedestrians who prefer this mode of moving, and you see them in their hempen or linen coats, *blouse* they call them, in almost every tavern where you go. I have some lessons to give the traveller anon, but I cannot stop now.

Martigny, the best Hotels in town[illegible] we could find in Marlosa you traffic for your [illegible] a thing the English and Americans never do, but which the Germans almost always do. A dinner of Chamois meat was a luxury I had never tasted before,—as tender as chicken, and more delicious I fancied. Over the comforts here, we forget the fatigues of the day, though we had come in a wretched mule path nine leagues and over, and all on foot too; and though we had had during the day all the seasons of the year—spring, say in the vale of Chamouni—autumn on the flanks of the Col de Balme—winter on its top—and here a delicious summer in the valley of the Rhone, having the ice and snows at noon and by the sun set plucking the delicious grape from the vines, that in abundance overhang the road to Martigny! Such a sudden change of seasons and of views too make the time seem as if months had gone over our heads.—But it is nothing very remarkable in Switzerland to see the vine exposed to the noonday sun, growing but a little distance from the foot of the glaciers that push themselves toward the plain.

Come, go with me now to the Convent on the Grand Saint Bernard over which Buonaparte made his famous passage upon the Italian plains. The fatigue of the preceeding day's walk made us to forget to rise early in the morning, and it was after 10 o'clock when we started from Martigny to make a journey of nine long leagues all the way ascending, often over the roughest paths as on the mountains, a journey which a mule cannot make under nine long hours of constant travelling. A priest whom we met upon the road shook his head and told us it was too late to make the ascent for that day unless we travelled like horses. Like horses then we went to work, and like horses we did travel. An admirable pedestrain my companion was, and he gave me a much harder race than I should have chosen for myself. We puffed, and puffed—the sun was burning hot. Every little mountain stream gave us such refreshing draughts, that to pass one without tasting it seemed almost a sin, as if one was refusing the blessings that nature so kindly insisted upon his taking. Hills indeed peeping over hills. The higher we got, the higher we seemed obliged to go. Villages were apart an awful distance, hurried as we were by haste, and fearful night would overtake us before we reached the Convent in the mountain-top,—alarmed to as we were by the horrid pictures we had seen of the frightful *morque*, the chapel where the monks of St. Bernard deposit the bodies of the dead who have been frozen in the snow or buried by the avalanches,—a frightful congregation of skelotons, on which the glacial air has dried the flesh which you see, mummy-like, as if the spectre Death there dwelt and thence sent his messengers—associating all this, I say, in our minds as we ascended—with the famous dogs of St. Bernard, and the thousand stories of eternal snows, that bewilder and make mad the traveller, distance was doubly lengthened, and even little hills were mountains. Reaching St. Pierre at 4 o'clock, to which the road had been tolerably good, even for a horse and a narrow built waggon, I despaired of going further as I saw the mountains capped in snow, and the overhanging mists soon threatening to cloud all in darkness. But to stop all night in such a horrid filthy village, and in such a dirty inn among sick and paling children was a thing not thought of long, particularly after a little repast had revivified us, and restored our spirits. Yet I remember that it was here, that Bonaparte found the pass so difficult, that he was compelled to abandon his artillery horses, and consign his cannon, each to sixty four men to drag a single piece to the height of the pass—and if this was necessary for such a man with an army, how difficult must a pass be, the night rapidly coming on, and the dreaded snow storm threatening, to two travellers only, who knew not a step of the way. My companion said 'go,' and on we went.

(*To be continued.*)

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale *TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON*. The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.

april 25 414, *Washington-street.*

NEW WORKS.

STORIES OF THE SEA. By Capt Marryatt, R. N. author of 'Peter Simple,' 'Japhet in search of a Father,' &c.

RULES OF WORK, originally adopted by the Carpenters of the town of Boston, in 1774, and revised in 1800; to which are added Rules for Measuring Hammered Granite Stone. Adopted, April, 1829. From Shaw's Civil Architecture, and Operative Masonry.

'THE NAVAL ANNUAL,' or *Stories of the Sea*, for 1836; containing the Pirate, and the Three Cutters. By Capt Marryatt, R. N. Illustrated with 19 splendid engravings, from C. Stanfield, Esq. A few copies just received for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. jan 16

BUTLER'S

EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The surprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomiums, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strenght, and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article: it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing an unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Chemist, London.

Sold wholesale and retail by *PALMER, JONES & BLAKE*, American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of Boston. june 6

WATER PROOF PREMIUM GOODS

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 32 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks, Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preserrers—Hydrostatic Sheets *and beds complete*—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do, &c. *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows—Gass Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by

nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO,

NEW BOOKS.

JUST published and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street:

Combe on the Constitution of Man. The Constitution of Man, considered in relation to external objects. By George Combe. Fifth American Edition, materially revised and enlarged by the author; being the 7th volume of the Phrenological Library.

Gall's Works. Gall's Work on the functions of the Brain and each of its parts; with observations on the possibility of determining the instinct, propensities and intents, or the moral and intellectual dispositions of men and nimals, by the configuration of the brain and head,—Translated from the French, by Winslow Lewis, Jr. M. D. in 6 volumes; being the first 6 volumes of the Phrenological Library.

Mellen's Poem. 'The Passions:' a Poem, pronounced at the Odeon, Dec 28th, 1835, on the occasion of the Anniversary of the Birth of Spurzheim, by Grenville Mellen.

Sacred Memoirs, or Family Instruction: being a History of Moses, the Jewish Lawgiver.

M. C. & L. keep constantly on hand for sale all the *Singing Books* in general use—among which are:

Stoughton Collection, 6th edition, with additions and improvements.
Boston Handel & Haydn Society's Collection, 15th ed.
The Choir or Union Collection of Church Music.
Boston Academy's Collection.
Bridgewater Collection, 25th edition.
Ancient Lyre, by Charles Zeuner.
American Harp " "
National Church Harmony.
Social Choir, &c. &c. feb 6

BURNS AND SCALDS.

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles, Gangrcen, &c. &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a Fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruptions, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphillitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever when this is done, nature soon finishes the [illegible] speedily.

If needs no certificates, trial you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 128 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass.) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

MERINOS.

PRIME assortment of English and French Merinos and Thibet CLOTHS, for sale low, by E. F. NEWHALL, 179 Washington street. dec 5

ANNUALS FOR 1836.

FISHER'S *Drawing Room Scrap Book.* With Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L. With thirty-six engravings.

Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath, with eleven engravings.

Forget-Me-Not, edited by Frederick Shoberl, containing eleven engravings.

The Gift, edited by Miss Leslie, with nine engravings.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir, edited by S. G. Goodrich, with twelve engravings.

The Religious Souvenir, edited by Chauncey Cotton, D. D. President of Bristol College, Penn. With eight engravings.

The Pearl, or Affection's Gift, with seven engravings.

The Magnolia, edited by Henry W. Herbert, with thirteen engravings.

Also, a variety of other valuable Books, in rich arabesque, calf and morocco binding, for Christmas, Birthday and New Year's presents.

New Annuals received as soon as published by

MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
nov 7 133 Washington-st.

B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley.—For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 8

French and English Prints.

GINGHAMS and PRINTED JACONETS, of new Spring styles. Just received and for sale low by E. F. NEWHALL, 179 Washington street, near the Old South church. feb 27

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,

INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Deanison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.

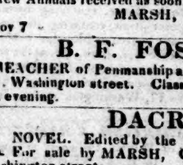
Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians.—Common English do. Hall's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbilical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box. $1 per doz.

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath street. 6m april 25

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.



PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 1y may 2

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. ju

Ready Made Custom Shoes.

JOHN KIMBALL, 2d,

KEEPS on hand and continues to make to order, ladies', misses' and childrens' *SHOES*, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fulness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter, A is understood.

No. 198 *Tremont Street,*
july 4 tf *Six doors from Court Street.*

Checked Cambrics.

A GREAT variety of large and small checks, hair cords, stripes, dotts and embossed figured CAMBRICS, some very handsome. Just received and for sale by E. F NEWHALL, 179 Washington street. mar 12

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, at No. 13 Court st. a fresh stock of Gold and Silver Lever, Anchor and Escapement, Lepine, and common English, French and German Watches; French and German Mantel Clocks; gold and silver Spectacles; Jewelry and Fancy Goods; at prices, at least as low as can be found in the city.

Personal and careful attention given to the repairing of the most delicate and complicated, and also the more common Watches; Clocks of every description repaired, and on application immediately attended to at any part of the city, by an experienced workman.

june 13 3m WM. H. KEITH.

Chapman's Cough Mixture,

For the Cure of Diseases of the Chest or Lungs—such as Coughs, Colds, Influenzas, Asthmas, Catarrhs, Hectic Fevers, Spitting of Blood and other Diseased Obstructions and Irritations of the Respiratory System.

THE *formula* for this preparation of Medicine, is by that eminent medical gentleman, N. CHAPMAN, M. D. Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, Physician to the Hospital, and Philadelphia Almshouse and Infirmary.

In difficulties or diseases of the lungs, the Cough Mixture is particularly adapted; it relieves Cough, Pain, Irritations, Tightness in the Chest and other obstructions, to free and easy repiration, and produces repose, unattended by the bad effects in the stomach and bowels, which are produced by those Cough Medicines that contain opium.

Worcester, Ms. Aug. 17th, 1835.

I have made use of *Dr Chapman's Cough Mixture* for a number of years in my family, and I am satisfied it is the best *Cough Preparation* in my knowledge, having tried many articles in my life time, for similar purposes.

T. W. BANCROFT, *Auctioneer.*

CHEMICAL PILE OINTMENT.

This article for the cure of Piles, is not equalled by any thing in this country, and foreigners, who have made of it, say there is nothing in Europe like it. It is an emollient, and at once soothing application, giving immediate ease and tranquility to the patient when laboring under this tormenting disease. It is put up in beautiful Porcelain Pots, imported from France, especially for the purpose, accompanied with copious directions for use in the severest cases. Price, $1 per pot.

Boston, July 8th, 1835.

This may certify that for five or six years past I have been troubled severely with the *Piles*, and until I made use of the *Chemical Pile Ointment*, I found nothing that would give me relief; therefore, I would recommend it in preference to any article whatever.

GEORGE HOBART, No 15, Doane street.

FISHER'S CELEBRATED CORN PLASTER.

This Corn Plaster needs no other recommendation than a trial, and will cure, as certain as it is applied according to the directions. It leaves the toe or seat of the Corn smooth, and performs a cure without pain, and in a short time. Price, 50 cents.

Worcester, Ms. July 20th, 1835.

I take much satisfaction in stating that *Fisher's Celebrated Corn Plaster* is a certain and safe article for the cure of *Corn*, and would particularly recommend it to those who are in need of a remedy.

E. F. DIXIE, 2, Central Exchange.

For sale at wholesale and retail by WILLIAM WARD Druggist, 26 and 27 India street, Boston; and by Druggistgenerally. tf oct 10

Rich Silks and Merinos.

E. F. NEWHALL,

No. 179 *Washington Street,*

HAS and SATINS, large and small figures, rich colors, extra qualities and *new styles.*

8 cases extra super LAMA MERINOS, colors bronze, grass and invisible greens, browns, olive, adelaide, byron, mulberry, fawn, ashes-of-roses, royal, scarlet, maroon, cherry, pink, blue, salmon, wax, gold, orange and black.

4 cases ENGLISH MERINOS, all colors, *very low.*

5 " English and French CHINNZES, some new and beautiful styles.

3 bales white Flannels, all widths and qualities, some *very fine.*

2 bales Highland Plaid Shawls, splendid patterns.

1 case Prussian Shawls and Handkfs. a very desirable article for the season.

A good assortment of Broadcloths and Ladies' Cloths of fashionable shades; Buckskins ribb'd and plain; Cassimeres; Blankets; Marseilles Quilts; white and colored Table Cloths; VELVETS; Raw Silk, Cashmere, Thibet and Merino Shawls and Handkfs. in great variety, and other desirable goods, adapted to this season.

☞ Purchasers are invited to call and examine these goods, as they are selling at *low prices.* 1mf sept 26

REGISTER FOR 1836.

JAMES LORING, 132 Washington street, has just published the MASSACHUSETTS REGISTER for 1836, containing the names of the new Legislature, new City Officers, Justices, Lawyers, Ministers and Physicians throughout the State. Also, a complete list of the Post Masters, Militia Officers, Colleges; Education, Missionary, Bible, Tract, Sabbath School, Medical, Literary, Marine, Temperance, Charitable and Anti-Slavery Societies; Banks and Insurance Companies; National, Army, and Navy Departments; names of Consals, names and location of all the Banks in New England, Census of Boston for 1835, an account of the Commerce of Boston for 1835, particulars of the Great Fire in New York, &c. &c. jan 30

RICH ENGRAVINGS.

THIS DAY received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

A large variety of most beautiful Prints, most of which are entirely new, being recently imported from France consisting of Historical, Scripture, Landscape and fancy Engravings, Portraits of distinguished literary men, &c Some of which are—Jane Grey; Anne Bollen; The Deluge; The downfall of Babylon; The Crucifixion; The three Marys; Christ in the Garden; Village subjects; Anxiety and Repese; The four Seasons; The five senses; The Prediction; The Beloved; The Forsaken; Bishop Cheverus; Lord Brougham; Prince de Talleyrand; Rossini, &c. &c august 29

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICES.

THE Subscribers have formed a Copartnership in business under the firm and style of

JONES, LOWS & BALL,

and will occupy the new granite building recently erected, *No.* 123 *WASHINGTON STREET,*

where they respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends and the public.

JOHN J. LOW,
FRANCIS LOW,
SAMUEL S. BALL,
June 15 GEORGE B. JONES.

A CARD. The Subscriber having relinquished his interest in business to his Son, George B. Jones, and disposed of his entire stock to Mess. JONES, LOWS & BALL, takes pleasure in recommending his friends and customers to the above firm. All persons indebted to him will please make payment, and all to whom he may be indebted are requested to call and receive their dues, at 123 Washington Street. JOHN B. JONES.

June 15

NOTICE. The Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of JOHN J. LOW & CO. is by mutual consent this day dissolved—Having formed a new copartnership, they respectfully ask the patronage of their former customers and friends for the new firm of JONES, LOWS & BALL. The unsettled affairs of the late firm of John J. Low & Co. will be adjusted at No. 123 Washington street.

Nov 10, 1835. JOHN J. LOW. FRANCIS LOW.

GO TO

KIMBALL'S

12, WASHINGTON-STREET,

FOR

STOCKS,

LINEN DRAPERY, HOSE, GLOVES, &c.

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c. april 4

REVIEW OF REMARKS

ON DR CHANNING'S SLAVERY.—By a Citizen of Massachusetts. For sale by *Marsh, Capen & Lyon*, 33, Washington street. feb 13

MR. PADDON,

NO. 240 WASHINGTON STREET,

sept 12 tf

MAN'S GREATEST AND

—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—

HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects; and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by unusual suffering, from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been to me an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain a natural peristalic action in the stomach and intestines and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid, and bilious matter which they contain; and also to remove biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels: such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly effectual in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellency In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained a fair reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.

JOHN W. TAYLOR.

Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.

Oct. 8, 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.

JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of a liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me, and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.

ANN POWEL.

Milton, Oct. 3. 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.

DR. PHELPS' ARCANUM.

THIS Syrup is celebrated for the cure of Scrofula Eruptions or Diseases of the Skin, Syphilis or Venereal Complaints, Rheumatism, Ulcers in the Throat and other parts of the Body, Mercurial Affections, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Blood, deep-seated pains in the Muscels, Bones, &c, and a regenerator of emaciated and broken constitutions, caused by disease, intemperance, &c.

From the Republican.

Mr Editor—For years past, my children have been severely affected with a desease of the skin, of an exceedingly obstinate character. The eruption sometimes was distinct, of a pustular form, and again would be confluent and laminated, and occupy the whole surface, and the scalp of one of them, in particular, was so completely encrusted, that the hair became matted over the whole head, presenting, as must be obvious, a very disagreeable appearance, besides a constant discharge of matter. The disease, in all of them, assumed during its existence, a variety of shapes and appearances, and seemed to defy the power and ingenuity of the healing art. I have, however, reason to believe from observation and enquiry, that Eruptions, or Diseases of the [illegible] are not uncommon [illegible] sons, though they may not often attain that aggravated character, as in the present instance. During the past winter, which season of the year I am persuaded is the most unfavorable for curing diseases or eruptions of the skin, I procured a number of Dr. Phelps, Aacanum, and administered it, to one or two of my children, who were the most severely afflicted. In a short space of time I observed an